

COUNTRY LIFE

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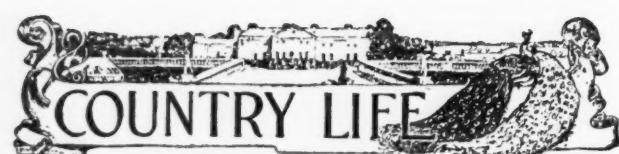
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SPEAIGHT.

THE CHILDREN OF THE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

157, New Bond Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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THE PRESERVATION OF FRUIT

JUST after a violent snowstorm it may be thought premature to write on the subject of this article; but that is not the case in reality. Gardeners, like other people, very often omit making necessary preparations until it is too late. When the fruit is ripening in the garden and the orchard, it is obvious that the time has gone past for making new arrangements for that year. Gardeners cannot do better than give the matter their fullest consideration at the present moment. Between now and the ripening of the fruit they will have plenty of time to take such measures as are necessary, and the first point to observe is that it is possible to send fruit to market in a very fresh condition by taking one or two simple precautions. Two or three years ago there was a series of experiments carried out in the Jodrell Laboratory at Kew, which proved that the rotting or fermentation of ripe fruit is due to fungi and bacteria on the surface, a fact stated long before by Pasteur. The fruits experimented upon at the time were cherries, gooseberries, grapes, pears and strawberries that were purchased from shops or from vendors in the streets. Those fruits treated for the destruction of living organisms remained perfectly sound after a similar quantity of untreated fruit from the same lot had become mouldy or decayed. The cherries and gooseberries remained all right for seven days, the grapes and strawberries for four days and the pears for ten days. Perhaps it is scarcely necessary to say that the decay of ripe fruit arises from bruises or wounds on the surface. The decay of the bruised or wounded part is due to the presence of germs which develop rapidly and feed on the sugar or other substances liberated from the bruised tissue. This points to the need for the utmost care in collecting fruit. In Germany, where the preservation of fruit is done with the greatest skill, owing, perhaps, to the fact that in a preserved form it is used at meals and in dishes where one would not expect to find it in

England, the very closest attention is paid to detail. The different sorts are carefully gathered and graded. The more careful purchasers line their baskets with old newspapers, and even put newspapers between the different layers of fruit, and every precaution is taken not to injure the skin.

Where the most is to be made out of the produce of a garden the greatest care in collecting and storing the fruit must be taken, whether the intention is to send it to market immediately, or, in case of a glut, to preserve it for sale at a time when it will command a better price. The treatment of fruit afterwards must depend upon its character. Apples can very conveniently be preserved by means of drying or evaporation. This is an art that has been carried to very high perfection in America, and the methods of the Americans have been adopted by the Germans. What is wanted chiefly is that the fruit should be sufficiently dry for the purpose of keeping and yet not over-dried, as in the latter case it loses its flavour and attractiveness. There are two machines used for drying, one invented by an American, Dr. Ryder, and now very continually used in Germany, where, however, they have an improved form of apparatus known as the Rössler. The second form of drying machine was invented and improved by the German School of Horticulture at Geisenheim. These are large machines suitable for holdings where considerable quantities of apples and pears are produced, but for household use there is a similar machine which is placed over the oven in the kitchen-range, and there utilises the spare heat and involves no additional outlay for fuel. The method is applied to vegetables as well as to pears and apples. A method of preserving fruit common in Germany, and worthy of attention by English growers, is that of drying the pulp and making it up into the form of tablets, which keeps for a considerable time in that condition and can always be reduced to a compôte by boiling. The finest pastes are made from apricots, mirabelles and quinces, after which come apples, pears, cherries, plums and bilberries. The French have almost a monopoly in the crystallisation of fruit. The plan adopted is to soak the fruits in a half-boiled condition in a strong sugar solution and then dry them on trays.

Bottling fruits is, however, the most popular way of preserving them in Great Britain. Sugar is at first dissolved in water, and then the fruit is placed in the sugar solution and boiled until soft, then placed in a basin or other vessel to cool. In bottling it is of importance that the fruits should be packed close together, and should be gently pressed from the top, or the bottles jarred on the table as the packing proceeds. A method of growing popularity is that which is known as the vacuum process. The vacuum is created by pressing a rubber ring between the cap and the jar, and securing the latter with a spring. The whole is placed in water sufficient to cover the bottles, and then boiled. As the heat expands, the fruity bubbles are formed in the water, and when these cease to occur it is obvious that the whole air is exhausted. The bottle is removed and placed on one side to cool before the spring is taken away. Of course, we do not consider that anyone can actually perform the operation from the crude hints given here, but those who desire to understand the whole process thoroughly should look up the journal of the Horticultural Society for December 19th, 1905, where the whole subject is treated in a manner which should enable any intelligent gardener or householder to perform the operation. The fruits most popular for bottling are strawberries, apricots, peaches, figs, pears and apples. Great Britain has long held a foremost place in the manufacture of jams and preserves, but lags behind the Continent and America in the more modern methods of bottling fruit and other methods of preservation; yet fruits so treated are delicious to use and prove most valuable in those seasons of the year when the garden is bare. The consumption of fruit treated in this manner is growing, so that a sale is practically assured. We even hear, during a very good season in Great Britain, of fruit being so cheap that it will not pay the expense of plucking and sending to market; but, if the producer would take the trouble to preserve it in some of the ways indicated, the inconvenience of a glut would be obviated, and what before had been a trouble to deal with would become an important source of revenue.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the youngest children of the Countess of Abingdon, Lady Elizabeth and the Hon. James Willoughby Bertie. The Countess of Abingdon is the second wife of the Earl of Abingdon, and is a daughter of the late Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir James Charlemagne Dorner, K.C.B.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES.

AN interesting correspondence has been going on in *The Times* on the burdens of land, a subject well worthy of consideration at the present time. Take the case of "A Kent Landowner" as an example. He is chiefly concerned to show the injustice of the tithe-rent charge, a subject on which we have had occasion to write frequently in these pages. The plan adopted in 1837 of fixing a tithe on each particular field, subject to revision according to the septennial average price, has proved most unsatisfactory, as the values of crops have undergone a complete change since that time. "A Kent Landowner," however, deals with the particular case of the tithe-owner of hop gardens. The Extraordinary Tithe Redemption Act, 1886, substituted a fixed charge, secured on the whole farm, to be paid alike whether hops continued to be cultivated or not; while the state of affairs then and now is thus stated: "In 1885 the acreage so cultivated stood at 71,327 acres; by 1906 this had fallen to 46,722 acres, and, to all seeming, will not exceed some 30,000 acres at the end of the present decade." His complaint is that the clerical tithe-owner continues to draw the same tithe as in 1886, and will presumably continue to do so even after the last acre of English hops has been grubbed. This is a state of things that cries aloud for remedy.

The second point in his letter refers to what has been called the "prairie value of land." What he says deserves to be expanded by a statement of the experience of other landowners. His point is that rent to-day does not represent a payment for the use of land, but "an exiguous interest on the cost of erection of the farmhouses, buildings and cottages." He gives one or two examples to illustrate his argument. The first is that of a farm of 256 acres let at a rent of £71. Out of this rental the owner had to pay in 1907 a rectorial tithe of £37 16s. 6d., and an extraordinary tithe, though no hops are now grown, of £2 13s. 7d., making a total of £40 10s. 1d., which leaves the owner £30 9s. 11d., out of which repairs and insurance have to be met. It would have been still more interesting had he told us the capital expenditure incurred by the landlord in erecting buildings and making other permanent improvements on the estate. There could be very little left for the rent after interest had been allowed for this. His next example is that of a farm of 155 acres let at £25. Here the rectorial tithe in 1907 came to £11 8s. 6d., the vicarial tithe for 1907 to £8 0s. 10d., the land tax to 5s. 1d., making a total of £19 14s. 5d., leaving the owner £5 5s. 7d. as interest on his capital outlay in buildings and so forth, and to meet repairs and insurance.

The strong and bold moral to be drawn from this kind of evidence is that no reform of our land laws will be satisfactory that does not begin by clearing away the burdens. No doubt the present moment is an extremely unsuitable one for the redemption of tithe, since the tithe-owner naturally looks back to the time when his property was worth more than par, while now it is at a discount of about 40 per cent. We have no wish whatever that any injustice should be done him. It ought not to be beyond the capacity of our financiers to draw up an equitable scheme. It is very evident that if Lord Carrington's scheme for small holdings is to be carried through, the land must be clear of all permanent burdens, and be delivered exactly in the same condition as if it were the plant of a factory. The burdens upon it not only are an embarrassment, but they cloud the whole question and prevent the agrarian student, as well as the general

public, from seeing exactly what the ownership of land means and brings. And if there were no Small Holdings Act in contemplation it would still remain a fact that the land of England, which has been to so large an extent turned into grazing ground and made suitable for the raising of stock and for dairying, should still be assessed for tithing purposes at a wheat valuation.

The Board of Trade returns for March are extremely satisfactory when it is taken into account that the month in 1907 had two working days less than the corresponding month in 1906. There were five Sundays in the present March, and Good Friday fell within it. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the trade of the country has gone on improving; imports at the rate of about 8·4 per cent. and exports at the rate of 9·7 per cent. If we compare the figures with those of two years ago we find that the value of the imports shows an increase of £8,780,000, while that of the exports is £6,652,000. Something, of course, must be allowed for increased values, and yet when that is made the figures tend to show that the trade of the country is in an exceedingly healthy condition. The increase in exports is mainly in cotton, of which the United States has sent us an increased quantity of wool, flax and other raw materials. There is, in fact, a decrease in the total of articles mainly or wholly manufactured. The increase in exports is made up to the extent of £380,000 of coal and coke, but still more largely by the greater amount of iron and steel sent to Australia, India and Africa. Cotton-piece goods and other textiles show a considerable increase, and there is an increase in new ships of £337,000. Thus it would seem that the wave of prosperity, instead of having spent its force, is steadily increasing in volume.

TWO FRIENDS.

(H. G. R. and O. F., who both passed away on April 4th, 1907.)

When I remember ye two true-hearted—
Friends of my manhood's happiest years—
Gone from the sunlight, dead, departed,
I cannot whisper my thoughts for tears.

Out in the fields is the April weather;
Here in my heart are weeping skies;
Never again in this world together—
I and ye twain of the kindly eyes.

Many's the mem'ry of happy hours,
Many the thought of kindness done;
Now ye are under the grass and flowers,
Leaving a shadow athwart the sun.

We shall greet no more with the old glad greeting—
The eager welcome, the outstretched hands;
We shall meet no more till the golden meeting
Beyond the darkness, in sunset lands.

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

The progress of motor-omnibus traffic in London forms almost a record of its kind. According to a paper read to the Society of Engineers, by Mr. B. H. Thwaite and Mr. R. F. Thorpe, the figures are more than astonishing. Two years ago the number of motor-omnibuses running in London could be counted on the fingers of one hand; now there are over 800. Last year they carried 4,000,000 passengers more than the tramcars of London, and upwards of over 185,000,000 altogether over a distance of 24,000,000 miles. The authors of the paper, however, were not full of congratulation on this extraordinary progress. They say that the business has been rushed too quickly. Omnibuses have been built wholesale before experience has demonstrated what improvements are necessary. Thus the confiding investors will do well not to rush for shares in the various companies on account of the startling figures we have given. In some matters those who come last fare best, and the company which can secure a type of omnibus that will cost little for repair, run more smoothly and last longer than those in use, will probably do better than any of the others.

According to statistics the flower industry in the Scilly Islands is in a very flourishing condition, as more blooms have been sent thence this year than ever before, but enquiry on the Islands themselves did not result in such rosy accounts being forthcoming. What the Scillonians say is that the competition to which they are now exposed has resulted in such a falling-off in prices that the business is not nearly as lucrative as it once was. Not only does London import many flowers from the Continent, but the practice of retardation has become so common in England itself that many flowers which our gardeners once could only produce early in the year, at great expense, can now be brought on to the market with comparative cheapness. Thus the growers in Scilly are compelled to increase the extent of their trade in order to make up for the loss in profit. In this way many of them still continue to prosper, on the principle that it is as good in the end to make a hundred shillings of profit as to make a £5 note.

For some time past complaints have been rife about the action of foreign trawlers in interfering with British fishermen. The most irritating incident occurred on March 2nd, when a French trawler ran into the fishing-boat Shamrock near Start Point, destroying her riding-rope and carrying off her drift-nets. Many of the Continental trawlers belong to the municipalities, and are manned by the unemployed, this being a method of dealing with a problem which we also have with us. Not only in the South of England, but in the Moray Firth, complaints of a similar kind have been made against the foreign trawlers; but perhaps the great ground for dissatisfaction is the growing feeling that the sea fisheries are being devastated by trawlers. Fishing-boats are obliged to go further and further afield for their catches, and it has to be remembered that every possible country in the world has its fleet, and that these vessels cover the whole surface of the sea available for fishing. In the course of the experiments made on the East Coast, it was found that scarcely any of the fish liberated escaped the trawler, or, at all events, such a proportion only as might be set down to the ravages of other fish and of birds of prey. If this is being done, as it seems to be, all over the fishable part of the sea, it must certainly result in a decrease of the stock of fish, and the prices that we have had to pay during the past spring bear witness that the end is approaching with more swiftness than it is comfortable to think of.

Nautical cooking to some may not appear a very important matter, but that is not the opinion of those who are responsible for the establishment of the London School of Nautical Cookery at the Sailors' Home, Well Street. As a matter of fact, bad cookery on board ship is a serious impediment in the way of the popularity of seafaring life. The Marquess of Graham, who was chairman of the meeting, has had a unique experience, having served as an ordinary sailor, and his opinion is that when a certain beverage is served on board an ordinary cargo boat, no one is able to tell whether it is tea, coffee, cocoa, or a blend of all three. Indeed, it often happens that the good food supplied by the owners of a vessel is completely spoiled in its preparation; hence the advisability of having such an institution as has now been set going. The objection made by shipowners that to insist upon good cooking might add to the expense was effectively replied to by the Marquess of Graham when he said that a bad cook was more expensive than a good one. If the experts at the nautical cooking school will direct their attention to the preparation of ordinary and homely viands, they will undoubtedly exercise a beneficial influence in the way of making the life of a British sailor a happy and more enviable one.

A correspondent writes that his attention has only lately been drawn to an article published some time ago in *COUNTRY LIFE* noticing the very curious fact that on a certain estate in Caithness, where the owner has the right of salmon-netting in the sea and exercises it to convey some of the salmon for spawning purposes into a fresh-water loch, it is found that some of the fish do not spawn, and that these non-spawners do not change colour and get "red," in spite of their residence in fresh water. This we referred to as strong confirmative evidence that the change of colour is due to changes concerned with the processes of reproduction, and not, as the unscientific angler is apt to imagine, to the action of the fresh water. The correspondent in question writes a further confirmation of this view, drawing his argument from what are known as the "strawberry" fish which come up the river Fowey in Cornwall. They are very late indeed in running up—November is about their time—and they are already so "red," even when they first come into the river from the sea, that they are on that account called by the name of "redberry." From this it appears that the imminence of the processes of reproduction will turn fish "red" in the sea, even as, unless those processes are imminent, there is no change of colour in fresh water. There is, therefore, a double proof that the difference in the water is not the true cause of the change.

What a nuisance duck can be on a trout water! They insist, in spite of all remonstrance—words, stones and frantic gestures—in just keeping ahead of the fisherman. On one occasion, being headed down, a flock calmly landed and, waddling across a narrow neck, soon regained the lead. But they do more than disturb water. In the report of the Corrib Fishery Association for 1906 mention is made of a duck which, placed on a spawning-bed for three hours and then killed and dissected, was found to contain seventy-eight trout ova, besides many more partially digested. Multiply this by six or eight, and an idea can be obtained how important it is that a flock of these birds should not have the run of trout waters or, at any rate, of those lengths containing spawning-beds. They must consume quantities of food, too, that would have otherwise gone to fatten trout. The old ecclesiastics knew this well. In Raine's "History of Durham" reference is made to a law which forbade cottagers to

keep ducks at Tweedmouth and Spittal, places on the southern side of the Tweed estuary, on account of the damage wrought by them among the fish.

While we write, echoes from the celebration of two English birthdays are still being transmitted to England by the invaluable Reuter. They are those respectively of Mr. Swinburne and Lord Lister. In many cases it is curious to note that a man with apparently the highest reputation in our own country is not known at all abroad; but foreign opinion has not inaptly called an anticipation of posterity's verdict. Mr. Swinburne is one of the very few literary men in this country whose name during his lifetime has become a household word wherever literature is talked on the Continent. Lord Lister's discovery, in a very different plane of thought, has raised him to the highest rank among the medical men of the world. Indeed, nearly all who suffer in the civilised portions of the globe have reason to be thankful to him. Before the discovery of the antiseptic treatment, the torture borne by those whose limbs were fractured in war or by accident is almost too awful to contemplate. Yet cases that were considered absolutely hopeless in the cockpit of Nelson's Victory are treated as an everyday occurrence by the surgeon of to-day. And not only in fractures, but in many forms of disease has the antiseptic treatment proved victorious over pain. This discovery placed Lord Lister on an eminence with the great French chemist Pasteur, to whose discovery so much of modern medical progress can be traced.

A GIPSY SONG.

BY LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE.

From the hills and the woods and the plains far-lying
From cliffs all hollow with the sea's sighing
And from the desolate moorland places,
And lakes in the mountains hidden and chill;
I come aglow with the mad wind's kisses,
And whose land that is, or whose land this is,
Little care I so I have my will.
There was a King once was my lover;
He followed me breathless all the world over,
In the deep woods we made our dwelling;
Now he is gone and I care not at all—
For life is a song, and a breath and a laughter,
And when the land wearies the sea comes after
Where the fishing boats swing 'neath the grey sea wall.

It is quite curious to what an extent two kinds of birds which nest in holes of trees are increasing—the starling and the green woodpecker. The increase of the former is, of course, by far the more marked—it is, indeed, rather disastrous at certain times of the year for the fruit-growers in some counties; but the increase of the woodpecker, never an extremely common bird, is quite considerable. Yet there is no particular increase that we are able to see in the accommodation for these species, and hollow trees must be at a high premium for their lodgings. The starlings, to be sure, will nest freely in other places, such as the ivy round trees and buildings, crevices in ruins, cliff-sides and so on, but the woodpecker—the "yaffle" of some parts, the "gally-bird" of others—is true to its hollow tree. In Sussex they call the spotted woodpeckers, both greater and less, the "magpie gally-bird," and some will tell you that they are on the increase also. They are not nearly so easily observed as the green woodpeckers, keeping for the most part to the top of the trees and hiding themselves, instead of calling attention to their presence by the glint of golden green body and red head and the yell of laughter by which the green woodpecker advertises himself. More often the spotted woodpecker is indicated by the sound of its drumming than by the sight of it.

In the gardens of the Zoological Society there may be seen just now an exceptionally fine example of the rare kagu (*Rhinocrypta jubata*) of New Caledonia. This bird, a male, occasionally affords visitors a rare treat, inasmuch as in moments of excitement it assumes the curious postures which in its wild state are probably reserved for the edification of its mate. When worked up to the correct pitch, so to speak, the neck and body are raised to a nearly vertical position, the wings are half opened and thrust forward, and the head is bent so that the beak rests upon the neck. Then the long pendant crest is set on end so as to form a wide upstanding fan of great beauty. The effect of this display is further heightened by the fact that the bird, as if conscious of its charms, struts up and down with a curious mincing step, assumed only at this particular time. But the performance is of short duration, a few seconds only, though repeated encores may be obtained by renewing the stimulus.

The kagu is one of those aberrant types which have no very near allies. Curiously enough, however, its nearest relative appears to be an equally isolated form, the sun-bittern (*Eurypyga*

helias). Happily, specimens of this bird are to be found in a neighbouring cage at the gardens, though superficially the two birds are about as unlike as could well be. A native of South America and somewhat dowdy in its general appearance, this bird is yet capable of rivalling the kagu in its method of display, wherein quite unsuspected splendour is revealed. The performance of the sun-bittern differs absolutely from that just described. In the first place, the body is held horizontally, while the wings and tail are as widely spread

as possible. The former are so extended that the secondary quills meet over the back, while the primary or "flight-quills" nearly meet in front of the neck. And this position, apparently, makes the most of two great rich patches of a light bay colour, which are the more conspicuous because set off by the general background of black, and white base and delicate grey pencillings. The sun-bittern and the kagu alike, though holding more or less isolated positions in the system, are yet, both of them, members of the crane tribe.

THE VIOLINIST

When by the touch of music freed
I leave the world that shuts me in,
Where in the strife by men decreed
The nobler hopes no guerdon win,
At whiles the music murmurs low,
At whiles with happy heart it sings,
Joy dances with the dancing bow,
Or sorrow sobs along the strings.

And playing thus I stand enringed
By shapes no other eye can see;
For mighty angels splendour-winged
Fold sheltering pinions over me,
Till mounting with the mounting theme
My spirit sees with purer eyes,
Where stars we know not but in dreams
Shed glory through the inner skies.

While, a lost alien on strange shores
I lie, by waves of music hurled,
Complaining through my fingers pours
The sorrow of a yearning world,
Till, lapsing from the heavens to earth,
I drop the throbbing violin
And common folk of little worth
With common faces close me in.

ROBIN FLOWER.

CAPTURING THE CROCODILE.

MANY Americans use the names crocodile and alligator indiscriminately, for they do not know that representatives of both these genera are found in their country. Indeed, until within a comparatively few years the presence of the crocodile was not suspected even by scientists. In 1875 a couple of specimens were obtained, and thereafter a scattered few found their way to the museums; but it was not until 1889 that any number were obtained, or that there was any general knowledge of their existence. In that year Dr. Viele of the Chicago Museum obtained about a dozen skins and skeletons for his own and other museums, and my father and I secured half as many for college and other collections.

It was an old guide of ours who brought the news of the discovery of "alligators that were not alligators," of which rumours had been locally current. With him at the helm we made sail for the Madeira Hammock. This, the habitat of the

Florida crocodile, is a narrow strip of land at the extreme southeast end of the peninsula lying between the southern boundary of the Everglades and the Bay of Florida. But for the exploring fever that runs in the veins of mankind, these creatures would have remained undiscovered; for the Everglades sheltered their home on the north, while the bay, on the south, offered scarcely more inducement to the wayfarer. Numerous mud-flats stretch tentacle-like arms across the path,



J. A. Dimock. NINE-FOOT CROCODILE BEFORE CAPTURE.

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and the intersecting channels are narrow, tortuous and hard to find. The mud is sticky and bottomless. We made our way through this maze, for which the guide merited the commendation from the wreckers of the Keys, which he afterwards received. We stirred the mud of the bottom for many miles, and barely missed staying ashore on some of the flats.

"There's a crocodile now!" sung out the guide. Two hundred yards away we saw the two knob-like points of the creature's eyes and nose as they appeared upon the surface of the water. Contrary to his cousin the alligator, the crocodile seems to prefer salt water, and this one was more than a mile from shore. The schooner was thrown up in the wind, the wheel given over to the cook, the skiff tumbled overboard, oars, harpoons and lines thrown in, while the guides and my father jumped for the little boat. In 30 sec., under the impulse of oars and poles, she was dancing through the water, and big



J. A. Dimock.

SPRINGING AT HIS PHOTOGRAPHER.

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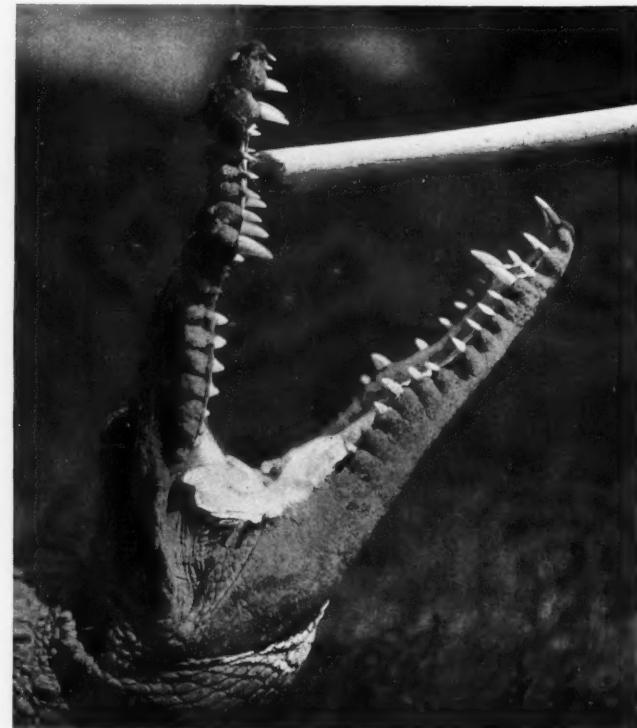
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waves were rolling from the bows. But the quarry had taken fright, and when they reached the spot where he had disappeared only some muddied water remained as evidence that our eyes had not deceived us. That night we anchored by Deer Key, and on the morrow the real hunt began. In hunting alligators the rifle is the weapon used, for the reptile is curious to a degree that leads to his destruction, and is not overburdened with shyness. Having once seen his head, you can wait with confidence that it will appear again at no distant time, while at night no alligator can resist the fascination of the jack-lantern. With the crocodile this is all changed—he is not sufficiently curious to show himself as long as he has reason to think that an enemy is at hand, and from the light of a bullseye he runs with fright. Many hunters think that the eye of the crocodile does not reflect the rays of light as does that of the alligator, but this is an error. The eye does reflect the gleam, but the creature is too shy to be held by its attraction.

Harpooing is the most practicable way to capture the crocodile. Pursuing this method you stand, harpoon in hand, in the bow of the skiff and are poled across shallow bays and through twisted rivers. Sometimes you see the head of a crocodile on the surface of the bay, sometimes you cross his trail of roiled water and follow it to its end. Occasionally you

become aware of his proximity by the odour of musk, and diligently seek to pierce the curtain of muddy water that hides him. You may hear him crash into the water from his "slide," or sun-bath, on your approach, or you may find him at home in his cave. These, dug by the creatures themselves, have entrances below the water, but are believed to always rise above its level at the far end, so that the occupants may breathe without leaving shelter. The length of the caves varies from a few feet to more than a score. When your quarry is found, you will see but a quickly-moving shadow below you, and this you must hit with

your iron, avoiding the armour-plated back and the impenetrable skull. Your nerves must be steady, your eyesight keen and trained to see beneath the water and your aim accurate. If the first shot is not successful, the chance of a second is hardly worth considering. It may happen that you will find the reptile in a narrow creek, and with two skiffs one can be kept at either end, and thus make it difficult for him to escape. Our largest specimen was just over 14 ft. long, and was found in such a creek; which was fortunate for us, as before securing him we hit him seventeen times with harpoons. His disposition was considerably ruffled by this treatment, and at last he came to the surface with a rush, prepared to take a hand in the game of pursuit himself. He began on my skiff. With wide-open jaws he attempted to swallow the whole thing. A broken tooth saved the boat, and possibly the occupants. Finding him so difficult to handle, we abandoned our idea of saving him for an aquarium,



J. A. Dimock.

A DENTAL DISPLAY.

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deciding that he would better befit a museum. Since 1889 I have made several excursions to the crocodile country, capturing the reptiles for aquariums and for purposes of photography, but have never killed one, save by accident. It is the tourist-sportsman who has doomed this race. If he could be induced to throw away his rifle and use the camera in its place he would contribute to the knowledge of natural history, to the entertainment of his friends and preserve for the interest of posterity a harmless and curious creature.

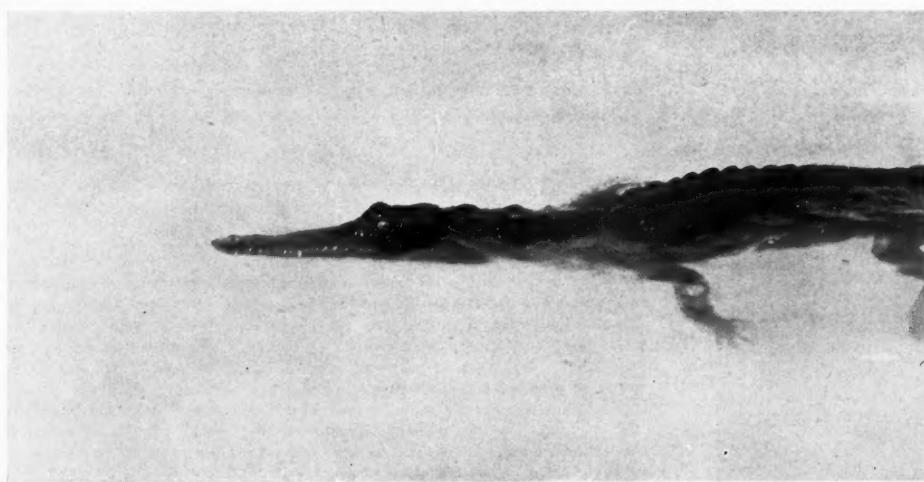
The pursuit, for this purpose, should be modified, for it is of importance that the creature be not injured. The harpoon must be a tiny one and stopped with rope to prevent its penetrating further than just beyond the barb, and it must be carefully placed to avoid the chance of reaching a vital organ. A net may be substituted, or, if the crocodile can be found in his cave, he may be sometimes caught with a noose. Tie his jaws together and he becomes as harmless as a kitten, and may be taken aboard the skiff and carried to any convenient prairie land. Here untie him and follow him around with your camera. It will be quite as



J. A. Dimock.

IN THE EVERGLADES.

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J. A. Dimock

SWIMMING—THE FEET ARE NOT USED.

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JULIAN A. DIMOCK.

exciting as killing him. Sometimes he will jump at you at less than his length away. If you can catch his open jaws on your sensitive plate before you too jump, you will have a memento worth more than twenty stuffed skins and as convincing as the sworn statements of a score of hunters. When he is quiet approach him within a yard and obtain pictures of his head and teeth. When you have exhausted your ingenuity in devising different poses and have used up your plates, turn him loose and let him go, remembering that "there are others."

Although belonging to the same family, the alligator and the crocodile seem to be unneighbourly. For, until the practical extinction of the latter, no alligators were found in the Madeira country. Within the last two years a number of small ones have been seen there, which suggests that it is race antipathy rather than different requirements which has kept these cousins apart. The prominent difference between the two is in the shape of the head. Despite popular belief, the jaw action is the same, and the crocodile is less savage than his relative, though more active and far more shy. Once captured

he becomes docile, and so remains as long as his jaws are kept tied, and may be safely handled. The alligator, on the contrary, is safe only after decomposition has set in, for he has a habit of returning to life after he has been "killed," which, with the energetic use of his tail, is disconcerting to the man within his reach. Apart from prejudice, the flesh of both reptiles is eatable, that of the crocodile being more delicate. The eggs are not impossible as food and resemble those of the turtle in taste. The skin of the crocodile will not be accepted by the buyers of hides, as they say that it will not tan satisfactorily. Thus, save as a curiosity, the creature has no commercial value; but so persistently has he been pursued that it is doubtful whether there are to-day enough out of captivity to perpetuate the genus.



J. A. Dimock.

AN UNGAINLY WADDLE.

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A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

APART altogether from its political value, *The Life and Work of Richard John Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, 1893—1906*, by Mr. James Drummond (Siegle, Hill and Co.), is full of that interest which belongs to the man who has risen from one of the lower walks of life to a very commanding position. Moreover, it is a romance of Colonial life, an enlargement, so to speak, of the experience of many an English lad who has determined to seek his fortune in the King's domains beyond the sea. For Richard John Seddon was born in a little old-fashioned two-storey stone cottage with small latticed windows and a wooden porch which is still to be seen near the outskirts of St. Helens, Lancashire. His father was head-master of the Eccleston Hill Grammar School and he married Miss Jean Lindsay, mistress of the denominational school at the same place. Of this union Richard John Seddon was born on June 22nd, 1845. He very soon displayed some of that turbulence which distinguished his later career, and an act of boyish disobedience to his schoolmaster caused his removal to his grandfather's farm; but he had no taste for country life, and induced his people to apprentice him to Messrs. Dalgliesh and Co., engineers and ironfounders of St. Helens. With them he served an apprenticeship of five years, after which he was sent to the Vauxhall factory at Liverpool. When he returned to England with the Colonial Premiers at the King's Coronation his old foreman was still alive, and remarked, "He were a good 'un, and if he likes to come back, I'll give him a job to-morrow." But engineering satisfied the restlessness of the boy no more than country life had done. It was a time when rumours were flying about of the immense fortunes that could be made in the goldfields of Australia. There was a black side to the reports, but he looked on the bright one, and the beginning of his active career may be said to date from the day when he stepped on board the Star of England on his way to the golden South. His capital consisted of a Board of Trade engineer's certificate, a



—NEC PIETAS MORAM
RUGIS ET INSTANTI SENECTAE—

pair of broad shoulders and a stout heart. Soon after landing at Melbourne he set out for the goldfields, only to meet with the disillusion that was the experience of so many hopeful youths who started on a similar quest. He had never known how rough life could be until he saw what it was on the goldfields, and it was not very long before he absolutely broke down and returned to Melbourne. At nineteen we find him engaged as a journeyman fitter in the railway workshops of the Victorian Government at Williamstown. But the life of a fitter was not for him. After he had been at it for about a year news arrived of the discovery of rich goldfields on the West Coast of New Zealand. On the new goldfields he did not find things quite as bad as they had been on the old. Certainly the climate was more rigorous, but the men, physically and morally, were described by Seddon afterwards as the pick of the world. Yet it was not a place where money was easily made. There was superstition on the goldfields that ill-luck was sure to dog the steps of the thrifty and industrious and to come to the spendthrift. This furnished an excuse, if one were needed, for making the hard-earned money go. A man would be making £20 a week, but by Wednesday he would be without a shilling. The community must have been interesting, and wanted a Bret Harte to describe it.

Full dress on the goldfields consisted of a high slouch hat, the front turned up sharp and the back turned down; a crimson shirt with a knotted crimson silk scarf; a pair of moleskin trousers, with a bright yellowish tinge on account of the clay, which seemed to wash in but never to wash out; a crimson sash; "nugget" pattern boots; and a crimson silk laced cord round the crown of the hat. Full beards were worn, and the dandies prided themselves on the length and thickness of this adornment. Irishmen generally preferred green to crimson sashes, ties and scarfs, but no other colours were used.

Seddon had very little luck at gold seeking, and eventually opened a store at Big Dam, where he found that steady trade led him further on the road to fortune than chance did at the mines. But in 1874 began the rush to Kumara, and he could not resist the temptation to join it. By this time he was married, so he took his family and business with him, and the town that grew up there became associated with his name, while long afterwards he was known to his fellow-members in Parliament as the "Knight of Kumara." He prospered materially, and took the keenest interest in public life.

He loved contests, arguments and vehement discussions. He found in them the same exercise for his mind as the sports ground afforded for his body. He did not realise it at the time, but he also found in his public duties the disregard of old-groove methods, the boldness and promptness of action, and the broad Liberalism that characterise the legislation of his greater days, when he became an imperialist and a humanist.

At the age of twenty-four years he was the recognised "headman" of the district. Disputes were referred to him, and hardly any public action of importance was decided upon before those concerned sought his advice, or received it, as he did not always wait to be asked.

Already the points of strength and weakness that have distinguished him as a politician had become apparent. He was a splendid advocate without having had any legal training. His biographer says: "It would be futile to deny that even at this early date he was a confirmed egotist," and in argument he was accustomed to seize one or two points and press them home without disturbing himself too much about the niceties of justice; he was possessed too of many rough-and-ready methods that commended themselves to the mining community. On one occasion, for instance, when he was in a minority,

Mr. Seddon addressed the clamorous majority, and, failing to get any satisfaction, challenged any single man to settle the matter with fists. There was no response, but the crowd became more reasonable.

One of the most characteristic anecdotes we have met with is the following:

While he had his store at Big Dam, a miner, who was taking a short cut over a plank crossing the flood-gate, fell into the water. He had his week's provisions on his back. Luckily, it was a moonlight night, and Mr. Seddon was standing in front of his store. Hearing the splashing he ran to the scene. Seeing a hand waving at some distance in the dam, he immediately plunged in, and, after a long struggle, succeeded in bringing the man to the edge. By this time others had come, and the two were hauled up on to the embankment. The miner was unconscious, and Mr. Seddon was almost exhausted. After he had changed his clothes he returned to see how the rescued man was getting on, naturally expecting to receive an expression of thanks. To his surprise he was addressed in an aggrieved tone, "See here, they tell me that you pulled me out; I don't believe it, and I'll swim you for a pound in the morning; it was the load strapped on my back that caused the trouble."

This is very characteristic of the inhabitants of the goldfields, but Seddon's loud, hustling and aggressive ways did not estrange them at all. He was always ready for a fight, either with his tongue or with his fists, and at critical moments he had the faculty of coming to a ready and bold decision. In argument we have the following description of him when he was on the County

Council: "Fluent, loud, unceasing, and sometimes amusing, he carried the point he had in view by dogged, persistent talk. Worn-out members in sheer despair gave the Kumara orator his way, and he left for his home rejoicing." It is not denied by his biographer, either, that he had a very keen eye on the main chance. Every year there was an annual scramble for the chairmanship of the County Council, which carried with it £250 a year and travelling expenses:

There were nine members, and, as a rule, they were all candidates for the endowed chair. Of course the first man who got five votes took it. But the trouble was to get that number. Every member could depend on his own vote only, and it was sometimes hours before the game was played out.

In this annual contest Mr. Seddon took a prominent part, as may well be supposed. When he did not secure the prize himself, which happened once or twice, he invariably managed to get the candidate he supported into the chair. Here again a knowledge of points of order, or disorder, were factors in his success.

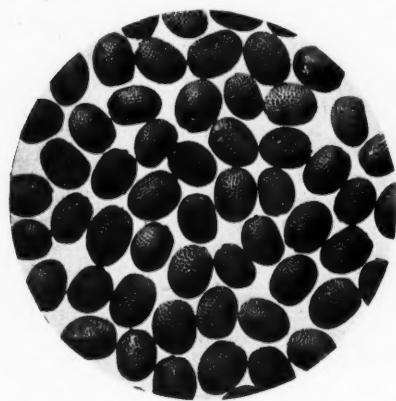
It was during the Premiership of Sir George Grey that he first began to play a prominent part in the House of Representatives. Sir George, who had been a most effective platform speaker, proved somewhat weak in office, and from the first Seddon had been one of his most ardent admirers. How Richard Seddon climbed up, we were going to say step by step, really by a series of gigantic leaps, to the topmost place in Australian public life is a political story into which we cannot very well enter here. It was a fitting sequel, however, to the meteoric and brilliant career that we have rudely sketched. He was not and could not have been what has been described as a man in kid gloves at any time of his life. His faults, indeed, were conspicuous and unmistakable, but his energy, perseverance and pluck are qualities that Englishmen have always been ready to admire. We may add that the frankness and impartiality of his biographer renders the book one that may be read without umbrage by members of any party.

CULTIVATION OF RED CLOVER.

BY PROFESSOR D. FINLAYSON, F.L.S.

RED CLOVER is grown extensively in this country, and is invaluable both for the quantity and quality of its produce. As its seed is imported into the United Kingdom from almost every country in Europe and also from America, the number of varieties common in our fields, and in many instances their lack of permanence, need not occasion any surprise. At the present moment we are concerned with two varieties only—one the ordinary red clover of our meadows (*Trifolium pratense*), the other the perennial variety of red clover known as cow-grass (*Trifolium pratense perenne*), and may note the differences in habit of growth and durability. Red clover is largely used alone or in mixtures for temporary leys, the cow-grass being mainly used for pastures or leys which are laid down for a considerable period. The striking difference between the two varieties in question is more readily observed when the crops have arrived at maturity; red clover flowering ten to fourteen days earlier than cow-grass, the aftermath of the former has made a fair start before the latter is ready for mowing. Within recent years the writer had occasion to inspect some time after they had been cut two fields of cow-grass side by side. The seeds sown were supposed to be the best of their kind procurable and true to name. But what was the result? In one field the aftermath had made such progress

that it was coming into flower the second time, and in



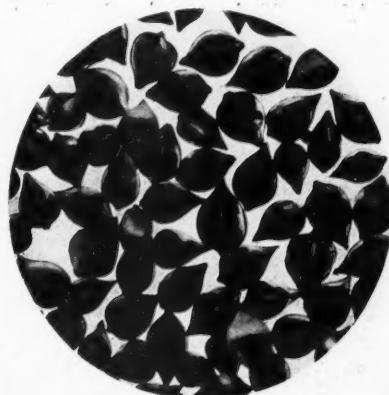
IMPURITY FOUND IN RED CLOVER SEED
(*Geranium dissectum*).

that it was coming into flower the second time, and in the other the second growth was practically nil. In the first instance, it was simply a field of ordinary red clover, which might last for a year or two. In the latter case, the crop was true to name (single-cut cow-grass), well known for its permanent character. The high price that is usually charged for single-cut cow-grass in comparison with that of red clover need not be wondered at when it is remembered that the single crop of cow-grass produces but a small amount of seed, whereas in red clover the second crop is used for seed production and the first for fodder.

All the expenses—and they are usually considerable—incidental to the cultivation and successful growth of any crop—in which are embraced rental, labour and manuring—are more or less wasted if the seed that is chosen be of low germinating power and mixed with seeds of worthless and maybe



IMPURITY: *PLANTAGO LANCEOLATA*
(Ribgrass).

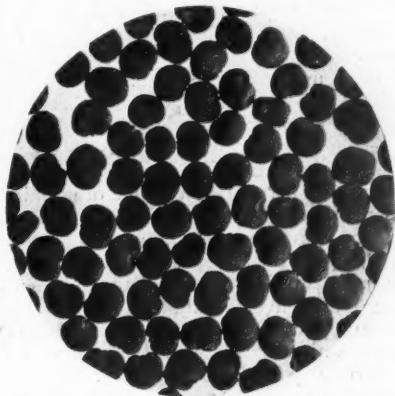


IMPURITY: *RUMEX CRISPUS*
(Dock).

injurious weeds. It cannot be gainsaid that the best seed, and the best seed only, is good enough for seed purposes. It is surely a penny wise and pound foolish policy to sow seeds containing noxious weeds which it will in all probability take years of labour to eradicate—to save, what—a penny or twopence per pound in the price, and at the most a few shillings per acre?

One of the many difficulties which usually perplex the farmer in the choice of a sample of red clover seed—its origin—need not have a place in his consideration this season, while deciding on the merits of this or that sample, as there is little, if any, foreign seed in the market at the present time. The writer has examined, within the last few months, many hundreds of samples of red clover, and by far the

greater proportion of these were genuine English-grown seed, and most of excellent quality. In place of America



IMPURITY: *SILENE NOCTIFLORA*
(Catchfly).

that it was coming into flower the second time, and in the other the second growth was practically nil. In the first instance, it was simply a field of ordinary red clover, which might last for a year or two. In the latter case, the crop was true to name (single-cut cow-grass), well known for its permanent character. The high price that is usually charged for single-cut cow-grass in comparison with that of red clover need not be wondered at when it is remembered that the single crop of cow-grass produces but a small amount of seed, whereas in red clover the second crop is used for seed production and the first for fodder.

The seeds of red clover are distinct in shape, colour and size from all other clovers grown on the farm. In shape they are oval and somewhat three-cornered; and in seeds of the best quality a purple colour predominates, shading down to a light yellow. In estimating the quality and intrinsic value of any samples of clover it is of the first importance that they should be fairly taken from the bulk, otherwise the analysis is of little or no value and is labour wasted. On the whole, it can be recognised at a glance whether the majority of farm seeds be true to name; but as far as our knowledge goes at present it is an impossibility to distinguish



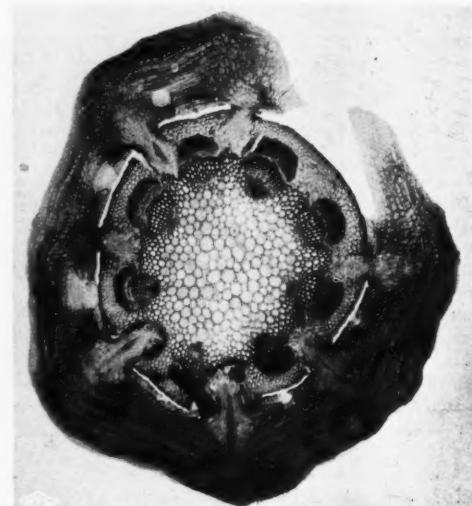
RED CLOVER AND SEED-POD.

before cleaning there will doubtless be found weeds that are characteristic of the country where it has been grown. Very frequently it happens that weeds common to home-grown seed and those of America are found in the same sample. In that case the conclusion can be readily formed that it is a mixed lot. In the experience of the writer, if the seeds of ragweed (*Ambrosia artemisiifolia*), ribgrass (*Plantago major* var. *Americana*) and witch-grass (*Panicum capillare*) are found, it is unquestionable evidence that the sample submitted for analysis is of American origin. That home-grown seed is better able to withstand the climatic conditions and will produce a better and more lasting crop than the American or Continental grown seed the farmer knows full well. In testing the purity of any sample a definite weighed quantity, varying with the kind of seed, is taken and separated under a low-power lens into genuine seed and foreign material; the latter again subdivided into good useful seeds other than the species ordered, weed seeds and mechanical impurities, such as soil, sand, chaff. Broken seeds, as well as those which appear to be incapable of germination, are weighed and calculated as impurities. Three common impurities found in red clover of European origin are seen illustrated: Ribgrass (*Plantago lanceolata*), cut-leaved geranium (*Geranium dissectum*) and catchfly (*Silene noctiflora*). In addition to these we sometimes find spurrey (*Spergula arvensis*), carrot (*Daucus carota*), cornflower (*Centaurea cyanus*), nipplewort (*Lapsana communis*) and dodder (*Cuscuta trifolia*). In the examination of hundreds of samples of red clover during the last month or two to determine their freedom or otherwise from this dangerous parasitic pest dodder, it was found that 25 per cent. of the samples examined contained dodder seeds varying in quantity from one seed to as many as 779 in an ounce. What is here narrated is the writer's experience, and redounds to the credit of the seed merchants of this country. When a sample of clover has been sent to the laboratory to be analysed and is certified to contain dodder, the merchant has again and again cleaned the seed, taken fresh samples from the bulk and submitted the same for further analysis. In one case recently samples from the same bulk were submitted no less than five times before the particular sample could receive a clean bill of freedom from

between the seeds of red clover and cow-grass. In most seasons, with the exception of the present, it is a common occurrence to have offered, both on the London and provincial markets, seeds of cow-grass, either from the Continent or America, which are, to say the least, of doubtful value, for in the main they are not genuine, and this is borne out by the lack of permanence so characteristic of true cow-grass. In analysing small samples of red clover, highly cleaned, it is most difficult, if not impossible, to determine the country of origin; but if examined

dodder. There is practically no other impurity found in any of our cultivated clovers that occasions the same fear as that which accompanies the presence of this much-dreaded pest. Clover dodder is a leafless parasitic plant, deriving all the nourishment necessary for its growth from the clover stem round which it clings and turns. The seeds of dodder germinate in the soil in the ordinary way, giving rise to a slender, leafless, thread-like shoot, which rotates round and round. Should the shoot fail to reach or touch a clover plant, it (the dodder) quickly withers and dies; should it succeed in gaining a hold of a clover plant, the twining round the stem immediately begins, and at the points of close attachment roots or suckers penetrate the epidermis and push their way into the conducting tissues of the plant, as may be seen in the magnified section of the clover stem encircled by dodder. The free end of the dodder increases in length, embraces other branches and extends to adjoining clover plants, and thus the work of strangulation, sure and deadly, rapidly goes on. In examining samples of clover seed for dodder even an experienced observer may be deceived. The seeds are grey or light brown in colour, with a slightly pitted surface, much smaller in size than the clover. (See illustrations of clover and dodder, both magnified the same, five diameters.) In many instances particles of dried soil, rounded by attrition and the movement of the seed in handling, so closely resemble the seeds of dodder that at a first glance one is filled with dismay, and it is only on pressing the suspected dodder seed with a knife blade or spatula, when it crumbles into dust, that the examiner is reassured as to the purity of the sample. The farmer may be perfectly satisfied with the appearance of the clover seed he intends purchasing, also with the guarantee of freedom from weeds, but there is still one thing of vital importance. Are the seeds alive? Will the response to the germinating test be quick and healthy? What is the percentage of germinating seeds in the sample?

In testing the germinating capacity of seeds in a modern seed laboratory there are many different elaborate and expensive contrivances in use whereby the supply of moisture, air and heat are under perfect control. In one, the media employed may be porous tiles, and the anxious enquirer after truth may be told that "this is the best method"; others have the same to say of using sterilised sand in pans, moistened felt, blotting-paper, flannel, etc. These many and varied ways lead one to conclude that the medium employed is of secondary importance, successful results depending mainly upon the

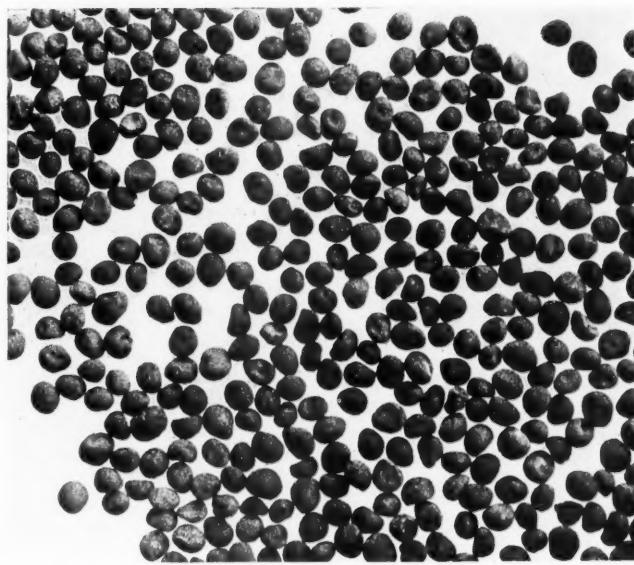


SECTION OF CLOVER STEM ENCIRCLED BY DODDER.



RED CLOVER SEED.

watchful care of the operator and his ability to exercise complete control over the physical conditions necessary for germination. This test the farmer can readily carry out himself by counting out two separate hundred seeds from parcels submitted for his inspection and sowing in small pots placed in an ordinary greenhouse, or the result may be more quickly arrived at by sowing the seeds on moistened blotting-paper or flannel between two saucers and keeping them near the heat of a kitchen-range, in separate batches of 100. This simple method ought to be employed by every farmer purchasing clover seeds, sufficiently early so that he may know the result before sowing, the information thus gained preventing loss and disappointment later on. A good sample of clover seed, when sown as described, will begin to sprout on the second day, and by the evening of the third day one half to three-fourths, or even more, will have commenced to germinate.



CUSCUTA TRIFOLII (DODDER).

present are mechanical, such as soil, sand, chaff, broken bits, etc., rather than the seeds of living and dangerous weeds.

The real value of any sample of seed cannot be gauged on its face value, or appearance only; but if the germinating capacity and the purity are also known the real value or cultural worth can be easily arrived at. This is done by the multiplication of pure seeds by pure seeds capable of germination, thus: If a sample is 95 per cent. pure and germinates 80 per cent., the cultural worth to the farmer would be $\frac{95 \times 80}{100} = 76$ per cent. real value. A sample of such germinating power and purity is not at all uncommon. What is the true interpretation from the farmer's point of view? It means that every 100lb. of such seed contains 24lb. of rubbish. Though the purchaser has the privilege of paying for the rubbish the same price as he does for good seed, he may, on the other hand, have something to be thankful for if the impurities

BEAR-SHOOTING IN CASHMERE.

BEAR-SHOOTING in Cashmere is not what it used to be when I first went there twenty-nine years ago, and one has often to put in some pretty hard work for even a very few bears. Red bears are becoming very scarce, and the game laws have had to provide against their extermination by limiting the number to be shot by each licence holder to two. There are not many who get even this number. Black bears are still plentiful, and to be obtained without going very long marches; in fact, for those who know where to go, it is quite possible to get a few while living in one's boat, and even a "doonga" is more comfortable than a tent, while a houseboat is luxury. This year, two ladies having joined my party, who were anxious for a shot at a bear, I took them up to look for red bear on the Bungus Maidan, which is a most beautiful plateau about 9,000ft. above the sea, situated among the very highest of the pine forests, where they join the birches, which, in turn, soon dwindle into a sort of scrub jungle before reaching the snowline. Unfortunately the season was a late one, and the Maidan was a swamp, with the snow still lying in sheltered places. The only dry spot for a tent was on the top of an old goatherd's



J. Arbuthnot.

DOONGA ON THE JHEELUM.

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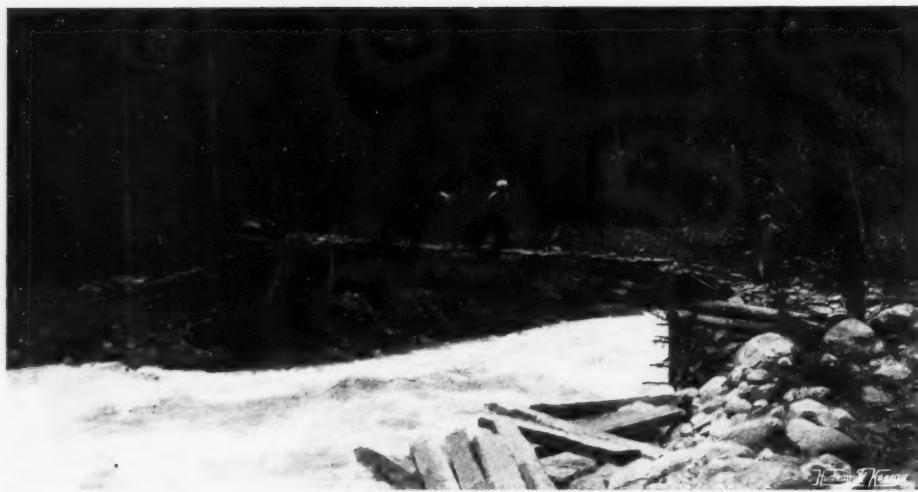
hut. One finds these huts all over the hills of Cashmere, as they are used by the families who come up in charge of huge herds of goats sent up from the Punjab to summer in the hills. The rain came every day, and sometimes all day, and it was hard to keep at all comfortable. We built a shelter hut so that we could enjoy the warmth of the camp fire and, at the same time, keep dry; but a week was enough, and we gladly took advantage of a fine day to flit to lower ground and content ourselves with black bear. Black bear are much more easily got than red bear, and the simplest way is to collect about a hundred beaters and drive the hillsides. For this, however, one is very dependent on one's shikari; unless you have a man who knows the neighbourhood, and how to place his guns, many a bear may be unnecessarily disturbed from his day-dreams and scuttle away without ever being seen.

The one shown in the picture we got on one of our first days, and we were lucky enough to place ourselves exactly in the path by which he retreated when he heard the sounds of tom-toms and unearthly yells raised by our beaters. Indeed, he came rather more direct towards us than I cared about, for black bear are very nasty customers if they are wounded or if they come upon you suddenly. This chap rolled into sight at about 20yds., making straight for where we were standing. I got my sights on him and then began firing whispers at my companions, "Fire, fire, fire, fi-er!" but not one bit would they fire. The sensation of seeing a bear at



J. Arbuthnot. ROAD TO CASHMERE IN FEBRUARY.

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J. Arbuthnot.

A PONY STEADY ON BRIDGES.

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close quarters without a chain or an iron railing seemed novel and apparently pleasant to them, for he had come within 9yds. of us before the first bullet from a lady's rifle took him in the fore leg. This turned him, and lady No. 2 greeted him with one in the side, quickly followed up by my big bore bullet, and he vanished into the jungle evidently hard hit. Presently an excited band of beaters arrived at the double and all talking in strange dialects at once. From one more sensible than the rest I gathered that the bear was lying wounded in the jungle quite close by. I quickly started to hunt him out before my lady companions had time to get to him, for I know what a wounded bear is in the jungle and that it is no place for a lady. However, this did not suit their views at all, and I heard loud calls from behind of "Oh, do let us come!" They did not wait for any answer, but came. From the nature of my dress, however, I was able to get through the thorns quicker than they could, and the moment I saw the big black brute I let fly. But he had not required it; he was dead already. All our bullets were in him, and the ladies had the satisfaction of having taken first and second blood, and killing their first bear. One can generally find a path of some sort, and we were able to ride most days. So we kept our ponies with us and used them when we could. The Cashmere pony is a hardy, sure-footed little beast, scorning a stable and not over-particular what he gets for dinner. He can find his way over any hill till he comes to snow, but on snow he is uncertain. It is wonderful to see him calmly walking over a bridge made of two fir trees, with a roaring torrent a foot or two below.



J. Arbuthnot.

THE WRITER'S PERSONAL STAFF.

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willing to fly out, but the slippery boards edging the room made a bad take off, and it was only after much scratching and skating that it achieved its restoration to the garden and to its astonished wives. There are some seventy full-grown peafowl in the grounds, and last summer thirty young ones were hatched, so my ambition of having a hundred was probably gratified at one moment; but many pitfalls beset young peachicks, and several fell victims to the beasts of prey that prowl round English country houses at night. However difficult it may be to ascertain the exact numbers, I believe we have all the various kinds. There are the ordinary peacocks, with their graceful brown hens; the splendid black-shouldered from Chinese Tartary, with their white and grey wives; then the pure white ones, with hens to match, which are, I believe, Japanese; lovely piebalds—a cross between the latter and the common ones, which produces charming results—gorgeous blue necks, with white breasts and wings, and a row of white eyes down the centre of the tail. Lastly, there is the "specifier" from Borneo. He is quite different from the others; his neck is gold, shading into green, his body feathers a rich red-brown, with a large upright crest, and great orange ears; his voice, too, is as distinct as his plumage—deep and strange. He has not grown a train yet, so it is to be presumed that he is only



J. Arbuthnot. CARRYING AN EKKA ACROSS A LANDSLIP.

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Cashmere is so easy of access now that it is very full every summer, and, from a sportsman's point of view, is not the place it used to be. Early in the year, say February, it is pretty hard to get in, and one picture of a landslip over which they are carrying my ekka, and another of an ekka and a tonga disputing the road in the snow, show what it is like. A railway is now under construction, and the journey from Abbotabad will not take more than nine hours. "So the old order changeth," and the sportsmen think not for the better.

J. A.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW.

IT certainly is desirable that peacocks should be "outside the window"; but one thought otherwise one summer's day, and, dashing through a large pane of thick plate glass, arrived on the carpet in a crashing chaos of broken glass and feathers. I am very fond of peacocks, but I did not want it to sit with me in the drawing-room, so guided it with care among the furniture to the other open window. It was quite



J. Arbuthnot.

THE LADIES AND THEIR BEAR.

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about eighteen months old and will have one next year; it takes two and a-half years before that magnificent appendage arrives. I can make out the precise meaning of seven of the peacock's various notes; there are more, but only these are definite. They each rent a special square in the gardens, and in the spring greatly resent the intrusion of any neighbour. The front approach is bordered by a long and wide strip of grass divided from the gardens by ornamental iron railings, backed by cut yew hedges, and after a rough night it is quite a sight to see some thirty or forty fine cocks sitting on the rail hanging out their tails to dry. I do not think there is much in the idea of their screaming before rain, except after a long frost; then it means a change, especially when they run about in wild circles round the trees on the lawn—that always means that there is "weather" about. But from January, when they grow their tails, to July, when they lose them, they scream all the time, and sometimes visitors do not like them when they are aroused by blood-curdling shrieks in the dead of night, to wonder whether they are peacocks or ghosts. In summer, when tea is put out of doors, they join the family meal, and if, as often happens, they are first to arrive, the cut bread and butter is quickly twitted out on to the grass, and then shaken and eaten. They are very inquisitive birds, the hen especially. I once saw seven surrounding a stray piece of blue paper, all staring at it, and putting their heads on one side, as if trying to hear if it had anything to say. It is difficult to know how long they live, as a rule. Several of those we know personally and by name can be watched, and their ages ascertained; but one cannot identify all. One, Fusijam, who was extremely tame and would fight with a

with their tails spread, making them quiver with that pleasant rustle that speaks of summer-time; among them one or two

pure white cocks, less gorgeous, of course, than the others, but to the full as conscious of their own beauty, and exquisite in their delicate ivory tracery, backed by the dark yew hedges. But peacocks are not all that give life to the garden. Fantail pigeons rush in their rapid flight in graceful white groups across the blue sky, or fly down to be fed, meeting their shadows, and for an instant keeping their wings raised over their backs, as seagulls do when they alight on the waves. Very tame turtle doves coo monotonously all round; but in spite of their pathetic plaintiveness they, the fantails and their cousins the wood-pigeons, are among the

most pugnacious and evil-tempered of birds, and their quarrels are inexcusable. All the little birds in the garden are as tame



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BRINGING UP THE BEAR.

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BEAR-SHOOTING: CAMP ON TOP OF SHEPHERD'S HUT.

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pocket-handkerchief like an acrobat, was well known to us, and he died of old age at fifteen. He was born the year before Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and his brother, Kilimanjaro, died at about the same age; but his end was a little hastened by accident. When their tails drop in July and the long feathers litter the lawn, and the gardeners waste all their time tidyng it up before a garden party, the peacocks become unusually shy and dejected, and retire to the depths of the wood, rather than be seen without their court trains. They then roost in a body on the trees at the back of the stables, only coming to the front again in spring when their tails and their dignity return; then they prefer the prominent oaks and beeches in the pleasure ground. There is no prettier sight on a sunny day than to see six or seven of these glorious birds, each in his own division of the grass down the front drive,

as possible, and follow me all over the place for cake; and the fat little chaffinches plant themselves at my feet, looking up with rather high shoulders and a fatuous air that is irresistible. All birds are welcome, and all are necessary, to preserve the

roses from blight and insects. So the garden is a co-operative garden of Peace and Plenty, and is lively and cheerful, by reason of the number, variety and vocal powers of its many inhabitants.

THEODORA GUEST.

IN THE GARDEN.

IN DAFFODIL-TIME.

DAFFODIL-TIME, the freshest and sweetest season of the year, has come again, and the flowers are once more fluttering in mead and garden. They seem brighter in colour and sturdier than usual, at least they seem so to the writer, who attributes this apparent superiority of the Daffodils this year to the late or normal spring and fine weather. It is interesting to watch the behaviour of the bulbs. A quantity were planted two years ago in grassland; the first year very few even showed leaf, but now a colony has burst into bloom, much to the surprise and delight of the owner. It seems that the bulbs frequently remain dormant for one year and then wake up to a sense of their

Johnstoni, Queen of Spain, a strong little Narcissus, and rarely fails wherever it is placed—it increases quite readily in grass; Maximus, rather uncertain, but a wonderful shade of yellow; the Queen Anne's double Daffodil, Barri conspicuus, C. J. Backhouse, Stella, the most welcome to the writer of the incomparabilis or star-flowered group; the Campernelle Jonquil (*Narcissus odorus*), *N. rugulosus*, also belonging to the Jonquil group; Leedsi, Duchess of Westminster, Burbidgei Falstaff, *N. Nelsoni* and, of course, the white Poet's Daffodils (*N. poeticus ornatus*, *recurvus* and *poetarum*). We like to see the silvery white flowers gleaming in meadow land, especially on clear, moonlit nights, when the cloud of colour may be seen from a distance. We always think of the white of the Moon Daisy in the late evening when the



W. Thomas.

PRIMROSES IN HALF SHADE.

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duty by flowering freely and well. On many soils, those that are dry and hot in particular, the bulbs have a short life, replanting constantly being essential to maintain a yearly display, and this is true of the majority of bulbs which require rich alluvial loams to maintain their vigour. A large planting of *Narcissus cernuus* made last November on a well-prepared border has not yet appeared—not a bulb, but we hope that next spring the results will be different; meanwhile, *Chionodoxa* and the *Scilla sibirica* are making a carpet of deepest blue. A great favourite is the exquisite little *N. minimus*, a perfect flower in shape, which may be compared to the *maximus* type; the colour is clear yellow, and the rock garden is the best place for it, or a pot, to enable the flowers to be brought close to the eye. Such a Daffodil would be lost in an ordinary border. It should have for companions *N. minor* and, in a moist but not sodden place, *N. cyclamineus*. Empress and Horsfieldi, the two Trumpet Daffodils of peculiarly beautiful colouring, are difficult to beat, even with the flood of new varieties which have been raised of late years. They are strong and free, and as happy, from our experience, in the border as in grassland. One of the daintiest kinds for the greenhouse, or it may be grown even in a room, is the white Basket Daffodil (*N. Coriifolia* or *Bulbocodium*) called *Monophylla*, the flowers of spotless purity and charming in form. Looking through the collection, the following have been chosen for their beauty, and may be recommended before any others: *Cernuus*, *Pallidus præcox*, which is happy in grass; the white-flowered *William Goldring*, *Empress*, *Emperor*, *Horsfieldi*, *J. B. M. Camm*, *Golden Spur*,

moon shines brightly. The tall, flower-laden stems have a weird effect under such circumstances. To return to the Daffodils—soon the flowers will have passed, but while they are with us we make the most of them, gathering freely for the house. The best time to cut them is the early morning, when the dew is still on the petals and when they are about half open. Then they remain many days as fresh as when first picked.

UNCOMMON BULBOUS FLOWERS IN WINDOW-BOXES.

We often think that more use might be made of the conventional window-box. It is generally filled with a few shrubs of a stereotyped kind or with Geraniums and Calceolarias, whereas it may be made a little garden of great variety, especially in the spring of the year, when many things are in bloom. We have a window-box which, as before mentioned, is a veritable garden. It contains a collection of bulbous Irises and Snowdrops, and the association of the two is pleasant to see. The Snowdrops are almost over, but the Irises are in full beauty, scenting the room with their sweet fragrance. The best known of the group is *Iris reticulata*, a flower of remarkable sweet-ness and depth of violet colouring. *I. persica*, a flower of a delightful blue shade, is a great favourite, but a place is found for *Histro*, *histrioides*, *bakeriana*, *Vartani* and *Danfordiae*, all having flowers of blue colourings more or less, except the last mentioned, which is yellow. The bulbs were planted last autumn in soil composed of loam, with plenty of drainage in the bottom of the box to enable moisture to pass away freely. Anything approaching stagnation is fatal to success. The soil must never become sour or water-logged.

These Irises are growing in a town garden, and when the weather is trouble-some a glass frame to fit the box is placed over them.

PERSIAN CYCLAMEN CULTURE

We received recently some beautiful flowers of the Persian Cyclamen, and asked the sender for a few notes as to the way such results were obtained. This quaint flower is not easy to manage, at least to bring it to full perfection. It is mentioned that it is possible to flower the plants within the year, but the modern gardener generally sows the seed in July and August with a view to obtaining the highest possible development of leaf and bloom. Many treat the Persian Cyclamen as an annual; that is, the plants are not kept after the flowering period is over. Others, however, find them very useful the second year, and when large plants are desired this is the better course to pursue. The flowers are especially attractive in the window, and for this purpose the older plants should be retained, relying on them rather than on the young ones raised from seed. The writer says: "We well recollect a fine cottage window display made by these two year old plants. It was the springtime of the year, and the plants were bright with bloom until quite the summer; the aspect of the window was north. Persian Cyclamen are impatient of sunshine, particularly when they are in bloom, and thus a north window is an ideal position for them in late spring. It is a mistake to allow the plants when passing out of bloom to become dust-dry and continue in this condition for an indefinite period. They should be allowed to rest for a short season, but if this is carried to an extreme point the growth will become less vigorous and flowers fewer in number. When potting keep the root or corm slightly raised above the soil, and water must not be poured directly on the crown of the plant, as this tends to promote premature decay. Seed should not be allowed to form, except, of course, where it is desired to perpetuate any

particular stock. When removing the flowers and seed stems pull rather than cut the stems, because the remaining piece of stem sometimes sets up decay. Avoid bone manures, as they are apt to encourage grubs, which feed on the roots. Occasional applications of liquid manure are beneficial, but some of the highly concentrated artificial manures advertised are quite as good and more convenient to use. Water with the 'chill off' is advisable at all stages of the plant's growth." These are a few hints from one of the best-known growers of the Persian Cyclamen in England.

ROSE RICHMOND.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society this beautiful Rose was shown by several growers, thus setting forth its value for culture under glass. It is an American-raised variety, and is said to be as free outdoors as in the greenhouse. Certainly there is no question that for flowering early in the year it is of great value. The flowers remind one of those of Liberty; but the colour is richer, a warm full crimson, and they are very shapely. Richmond is one of the best of recent Roses, and is already established in public favour.

THE NEW JASMINE.

We have been much interested lately in this beautiful Jasminum (*J. primulinum*), which has been shown before the Royal Horticultural Society on more than one occasion. It was introduced from China by Messrs. James Veitch and Sons of Chelsea, and if somewhat tender will succeed in the open garden in the South, as flowers sent to the writer testify. These came from Devonshire, and were gathered from a plant on a wall, thus showing that in such places it is hardy, and this early blooming is welcome. It is very beautiful in the greenhouse, the long shoots being smothered with the clear yellow flowers. Probably *Jasminum primulinum* will become as popular as the Maréchal Niel Rose for growing under glass.

BROADLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

OME twenty years since I met with an old inhabitant of the Norfolk Broadland who could remember the district as it was nearly a century ago. At the time when I met with him he was the patriarch of a small village in the Waveney Valley, and spent the warm days of summer seated in a cottage garden bordering a little-traversed by-road; but he was not a native of the village, having settled there about 1850, when the offer of regular employment led him to abandon the various and intermittent occupations of the average broadsman. Until then he had lived in South Walsham, a village in the Bure Valley, well known to cruisers in Broadland on account of its two churches standing in one churchyard. There he had been a cutter of reeds for thatching and building, of bolder and blackweed for the making of the so-called "straw" horse-collars, of rushes for the annual Rush Fair, and of peat, or "hovers," from his own turf dole. Also he had been, like the majority of the male members of a broad-bordering fraternity, a fisherman and fowler, and, in consequence of this, familiar with many miles of the navigable waterways of Broadland. Even now it is customary for some of the marsh-folk of the district to make use of their boats in travelling from place to place along the river valleys. A century ago their forefathers scarcely thought of journeying in any other way; consequently it was comparatively easy for the owner of a flat-bottomed marsh boat to become well acquainted with nearly all the parishes bordering the navigable reaches of the rivers, and not a few of the men who used the long draw-nets and carried the old-fashioned flintlocks and muzzle-loaders were as well known at a score of marshland staithes as in their own village. In this respect the broadsman differed from the upland farm-hand, who, unless he happened to be a waggoner, rarely journeyed a mile beyond the farm on which he worked, save when he took a day's holiday to attend some country fair. The true broadsman is, and always has been, of a rather adventurous disposition, and, until the middle of the nineteenth century, there was no one in this country who more nearly resembled our boyhood's hero, the trapper of the Wild West. He trapped the otter, snared the ruff and pike, netted the roach and bream, collected the eggs of plover, tern and black-headed gull, speared and netted the eel and, if he dwelt near the estuary of a river, speared the flounder, netted the smelt and, perhaps, waged war on the wildfowl with a punt-gun. Such a man, in some respects, was my Waveney Valley patriarch in the days when he dwelt by the side of South Walsham Broad.

Those were practically pre-protection and pre-preservation days so far as the wildfowl and fishes of the district were concerned, for the old-time enactments against the taking of some of them at certain seasons had long ceased to be enforced, and the broadsmen shot and netted almost whenever and wherever they chose. Apparently this had gone on for many years without appreciably decreasing the numbers of either birds or fishes. Old Sam, like every other broadsman I have talked with, would not for a moment admit that the uncontrolled shooting and netting were responsible for the decrease of fish and breeding birds; and, although his opinion did not carry the weight attaching to that of an uninterested party, one must admit that such evidence on the point as is available tends to support his view. So far as the Broads district is concerned, there can be, I think, little doubt that the improved drainage of the marshes did far more to exterminate some marsh-breeding birds and

reduce the numbers of others than all that the wildfowlers have ever done; while the deepening of Yarmouth harbour, and the consequent increased scour of the river channels, by causing the destruction of immense quantities of spawn, were responsible for the diminishing of the fish shoals to a far greater extent than were the fish-netters. Next to the improved drainage of the marshes, egg-collecting was mainly responsible for the decrease of the birds; and for the nest-raiding no possible excuse can be found. Yet the broadsmen were not so much to blame for this as were the well-to-do purchasers of plovers' eggs, to meet whose demands not only the nests of plovers were robbed, but also those of the ruff, the redshank, the tern and the black-headed gull. A bushel "skep" (basket) was often filled with plovers' eggs by one man in the course of a single morning's collecting, while Lubbock has recorded how a Potter Heigham egger took 160 dozen eggs there in a single season.

Cruisers on the Broads to-day often comment on the "delightful primitiveness" of some of the water-side hamlets, and, apart from the yacht-letting centres, the district has not been spoilt by popularity; but the primitiveness of Broadland to-day is a very different thing from that which old Sam knew when he was a boy. The cottage in which he lived with his father was a low, reed-thatched hovel, with walls of clay-lump, the only brickwork about it being the big chimney rising from the single open hearth where, from a sooty "hake," an iron pot was suspended over a smouldering fire of peat. In this hovel his father had dwelt since his marriage, and when he first went to live in it its floor was the bare earth, which was generally strewn with sand or rushes; subsequently it had a brick floor, the bricks being procured from the chimney of a similar cottage which was destroyed by fire. Some of the villagers drank the water from the Broad, but most of them were content with that from a "deeveng-hole" in a dike; so far as Sam could remember, there was not a well in the village. Although there were six members of his family, they had only one chair, and this was usually occupied by his father or mother; the children sat on three-legged stools made by a neighbouring wheelwright, or on "hassocks" made of the matted roots of a kind of fen grass. Unless they had work to do abroad, they generally went to bed soon after nightfall at all times of the year. When there was work to be done indoors after dark, a rushlight was burned in an iron holder. The upper storey of the hovel consisted of a single room beneath the thatch, divided into two parts by a ragged quilt suspended on a piece of rope. There the whole family slept on mattresses of straw.

The bird-life of the broads and marshes was at that time remarkably abundant when compared with what it is to-day. As a boy, Sam saw the blue dars—as the black terns were called—nesting in the marshes near Acle; there were more of them, he said, than there are of redlegs (redshanks) nowadays, and the broadsmen used to eat their eggs. To the men of the marshes, however, "dars" were birds of small account, and for that reason they troubled themselves very little about them. They were common enough, and the Acle neighbourhood was not the only one possessing a colony of them. "Out Hickling way" there were "real dars" as well as black terns; in summer the "meshes were alive with them." In saying this the old broadsman confirmed the statements of Lubbock, who could recollect common and lesser terns breeding at Horsey and Hickling. Of the avocet and black-tailed godwit Sam could tell me nothing—he had paid "no heed" to them; but it is well

known that in the early years of the last century both birds bred regularly in the land of the Broads. What the average marshman took a greater interest in was a "good owd duck," and that they were never "wanting of." Bitterns, or "bubbles," as he called them, were killed and eaten by the broadsmen whenever they could get them, which was not often. The "mugient noyse," as Sir Thomas Browne describes the "booming" of this bird, was far more familiar to the marsh folk than the bird itself, which was a skulker in the reed-beds, from which it could be flushed only with difficulty. But old Sam had seen a bittern perched on an alder tree growing near a reed-bed, and he had heard that the favourite food of this bird consisted of fish and freshers (young frogs). He could not remember ever having heard a bittern boom in the daytime. As regards the wild mammals of the district, the only species in which he took any interest was the otter, which was usually caught in strong iron traps made by the local blacksmiths and set on a "hover" or piece of floating weed-root and decayed vegetation near the bank of a stream or broad. So far as he knew, he had never seen a polecat nor a marten.

A hundred years ago there were far more drainage windmills standing beside the rivers than there are to-day; but for all that the marshes were not half so well drained and the tracts of swampy fen and reed-bed were much larger. Near the mouth of the river Thurne—the old Hundred Stream—there was a fair-sized broad of which no trace now remains; but, owing to their never being dredged, the main rivers were not so easily navigable as they are now, and it was no rare occurrence for

wherries to get aground in the Bure and Waveney. Jack-o'-lanterns, or "lantern-men," were often seen flickering over the water-logged marshes and broad margins; the wherries used to shoot at them to make them disappear. Wherries were not so numerous on the rivers as they became about the middle of the last century; but they shared the carriage of water-borne goods with an extinct kind of craft known as a keel. This was a larger and heavier boat than the wherry, and carried a large square sail spread on a mast set amidships. Its cabin accommodation was better than that of the typical Broadland craft of to-day, and it was not unusual for the keelman to live on board with his wife and family, though generally such boats were managed by two men. The keels did most of their trading between Norwich and Yarmouth. Pleasure craft, save a few small rowing and sailing boats, were unknown; but Thorpe Water Frolic was an annual festival attracting a considerable number of the Norwich citizens, and providing an interesting scene of gaiety, which was depicted by an artist of the Norwich School, in whose picture one of the old keels occupies a conspicuous position. Similar water frolics were held at Wroxham and elsewhere; but during the greater part of the year the trading craft and the boats of the fishermen, wildfowlers and reed-cutters had the rivers and broads to themselves. Not until about the middle of the last century did a few adventurous strangers, who were compelled to be content with open boats roofed at night with some kind of awning, discover the charms of a district that was soon to become one of the most popular holiday resorts in the kingdom.

POACHING IN OLD ENGLISH FORESTS.

HISTORIES of England, which are concerned mainly with the accounts of battles, revolutions and alliances, and the causes which led to them, do not present us with many trustworthy details as to the struggles which were all the time being carried on between the royal and other owners of sporting rights, on the one hand, and the sometimes famishing and often turbulent predators who, on the other, invaded their privileges. For the most part people are now persuaded that the forest laws and the rest of the enactments which guarded the game belonging to kings and barons were enforced with a barbarous severity sufficient to strike terror into the hardiest of mediæval poachers, and with a total disregard of that mercy which, in Portia's opinion, ought to temper justice. A careful perusal of the authentic writings in ancient Court Rolls and Forestal Records does not bear out this hasty conclusion. An entirely different view of the matter is presented in the masterly work, which has already been noticed in these pages, in which Dr. Cox has quoted a well-selected collection of entries from the records of English forests, showing conclusively that in at least a great majority of cases the delinquencies of offenders against those so-called Draconian laws were visited with penalties of a distinctly lenient kind. It is probable that Walter Scott, with his unassuming knowledge of most matters appertaining to field sports in ancient times, knew well what he was about in painting his quaint pictures of the Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst and of Robin Hood's merry men, to whom the taste of the royal venison illicitly procured was by no means unknown or unattractive. One of the earliest poaching cases of which we have a genuine and detailed account occurred in 1299, when several persons were presented to the Court before the verderer for hunting with greyhounds in Wyersdale Forest, and another for



DEER-STALKING: FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



A SHOT FROM A CART.

they fled, leaving the venison, which was taken to Lancaster"—doubtless to be given, as the custom in such cases was, to the lepers of that town. In 1305 several offenders came by night with greyhounds into the park of Quernmore in quest of harts and hinds. But, being perceived by the foresters, they fled, leaving behind five greyhounds, which were caught by the foresters, and taken to Lancaster Castle. It does not appear that any punishment other than the loss of the hounds was inflicted on the culprits. Before the middle of the fourteenth century poaching in Pickering Forest had assumed very formidable dimensions. For in 1334 "there was gathered at Blackhodbrundes a great concourse of people, with greyhounds and bows and arrows," among whom were such persons of distinction as Nicholas Meynell of Whorley Castle, and Peter de Manley, heir to Mulgrave. It appears that on this occasion forty-three or more of the red deer were actually

killed. Yet, although this Nicholas Meynell, as well as Peter de Manley, had been well identified, we find them again in the same year engaged in another raid on the forest, when they were again surprised, after having taken one hind, by foresters, who rescued the venison and carried it off to Pickering Castle, where



DEER-HUNTERS OF CRANBORNE CHASE.

the King (Edward II.) had just come to stay as the guest of the Earl of Lancaster. None of the transgressors put in an appearance before the justices; and a writ was directed to the sheriff to compel their attendance. Eventually Meynell was imprisoned in the castle and ransomed on giving a pledge and paying a fine of £13 6s. 8d., while other less prominent members of the gang were mulcted in sums varying from 5s. to £10. About the same time Robert Hampton, rector of Middleten, kept four greyhounds, and often hunted hares; but as he did not put in an appearance, when summoned, he was outlawed. The parson of Levisham was caught in the act of killing a hart with a bow and arrow, but being brought before the justices, got off with a fine of only 13s. 4d. From all these and many other similar cases it seems that the punishments inflicted could not by any stretch of imagination be regarded as severe.

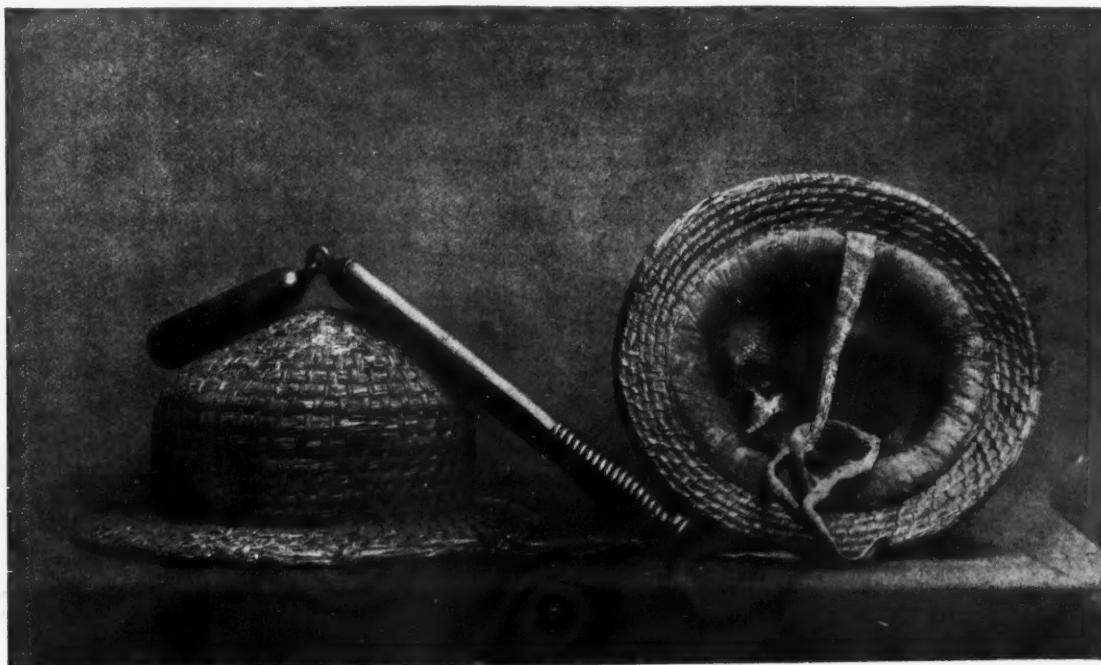
It was not only in the Royal courts that poaching cases were heard. As early as 1275 certain persons went "with the King's hounds" into the forest of the High Peak and carried off some venison to their own houses. Whereupon they were summoned to the Manorial Court of William le Wynn, Lord of Monyash, and fined respectively 4s. and 6s. 8d. In 1280, the owner of a famous poaching black greyhound called Collyng was fined £5 for taking a doe in the same forest. And in 1268, John, Lord of Quenbury, was fined £20 for a similar offence. In this part of England the practice of poaching, though not unknown among the smaller folk, was still more prevalent in the Middle Ages among people of some position and repute. These seem to have been always dealt with more hardly than the meaner offenders, not a few of whom were let off without any punishment at all, on the mere ground that they were poor. Coming down to later years, it is found that in the time of the Commonwealth unlawful deer-hunting became customary in Cranborne Chase, and was considered a "brave diversion" by several persons of good birth and education. These men would dress themselves up in jacks and special caps as shown in the illustration—which is reproduced by the kind permission of Dr. Cox from his "Royal Forests"—and, being

armed with quarterstaves, would set strong nets in suitable places, and then drive the deer with dogs, specially trained for the purpose, into the nets, where men were standing at each end ready to strangle the captives. Frequent and desperate battles took place between the poachers and keepers, in which some lives were lost on each side. The caps worn were formed of straw wreaths or bands tightly bound together with split bramble stalks, so that they presented the appearance of small beehives; and the jacks or coats worn were of very strong canvas, well quilted with wool as a protection against the blows of the quarterstaff, which apparently was used as a weapon by the keepers as well as the marauders. Later on, early in the eighteenth century, another gang of rather similar

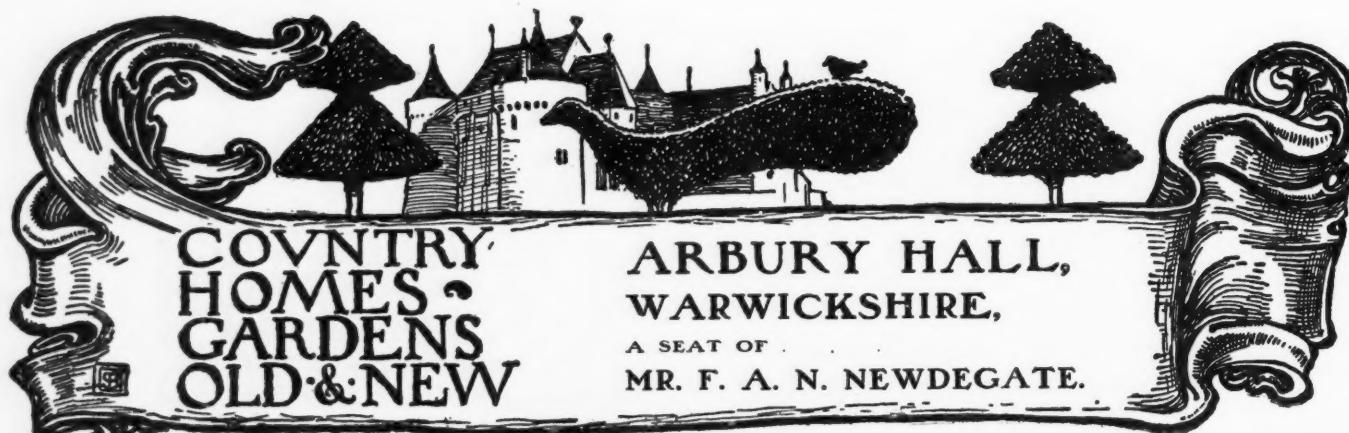
miscreants haunted Waltham Chase, and were known as the "Waltham Blacks," from their habit of blackening their faces. These at first affected to be fashionable people, and enticed into their ranks some respectable youths of adventurous propensities. But they were soon joined by men drawn from the criminal classes, and indulged in acts of wanton and reckless violence, such as shooting dead one of the Windsor keepers who had merely remonstrated from the window of his lodge. The consequence was the passing of an Act of "extreme severity" in 1722, which is probably the only enactment of a practically deterrent character. But in the year of the passing of the "Black Act" four of the Waltham gang were tried, executed and hanged in chains in the forest, while more than thirty others who had been caught were transported.

Nevertheless, deer poaching was continued throughout the century, and repeated encounters took place, often with fatal results, between the foresters and trespassers. Such effective weapons as "hangers" were now used by the former in preference to quarterstaves, while a favourite arm of the poachers was the "swindgel," of which, as of the beehive helmets, we here give a representation from Dr. Cox's book. This formidable weapon is made of a hard close-grained wood, and measures 14in. in the longer arm, and 6in. in the shorter arm, which has a circumference in the broadest part of 4½in. The swivelled hinges are of iron, and there is a leather handle loop for the wrist.

E. MICHELL.



BEEHIVE HELMETS AND "SWINDGEL."



ARBURY is one of those great country houses raised beside the site of a house of religious. It is in the large parish of Chilvers Coton, hard by Nuneaton, whose manufactures and coal-mines raised it to be a town matching Warwick itself for population. Chilvers Coton, a name that has come a long way from the Celverdestoche of Domesday, was held for centuries after the Conquest by the ancient line of the Sudeleys, a baronial house whose chief seat, from which they had their name, was in the county of Gloucester.

Of these Sudeleys a certain Ralph was founder of the priory at Arbury, or Erdbury, where he gave lands to certain canons regular of St. Austin for the health of his soul and of the souls of Emme, his wife, and Otwell, his first-born. Here then there were a prior and monks in the time of Henry II., a community who had become so much out of hand in the days of Henry's grandson that we find the bishop of the diocese writing a letter to a Derbyshire abbot of their order telling him that the monks of Arbury had deserted their rule for want of good government, and begging that some of his convent might be sent to bring them into the right way. Arbury, however, remained a small foundation, and with the rest of the lesser houses was swept away in the first dissolutions of Henry VIII., whose large-limbed brother-in-law, the stalwart Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, gathered it in to an estate which had been increased by the spoil of no less than thirty religious houses. Those who look for judgments upon the spoilers of abbey lands point to the fact that, although he was four times wedded, the spoiler's name was blotted out in the next generation, strange evils befalling his issue. One of his co-heirs sold away Arbury in Elizabeth's time to Sir Edmund Anderson, the Lord Chief Justice, who sat to try the Queen of Scots. To such as Sir Edmund an ancient church and priory was but masonry cumbering the ground, and priory and church came toppling down at his order, a four-square

dwelling-house rising at Arbury on a site near at hand. But for the judge this remote corner of Warwickshire was a home to which he could rarely retreat. He had many years of work left in him, and looking about for a dwelling nearer to the Westminster Courts, he saw and coveted Harefield, the ancestral seat in Middlesex of John Newdegate. A bargain was concluded. Newdegate became a Warwickshire squire, and Sir Edmund settled at Harefield. These new lords of Arbury were of an old Surrey stock. The Newdegates are, indeed, found as early as the thirteenth century under-tenants of the old lords of Newdegate manor in the old Wealdan Forest. Their history as what we should in these days call a "country family" begins with the marriage of a fourteenth century Newdegate with one of the daughters and co-heirs of Nicholas Malmaines, lord of Ockley, a match which brought them lands in Ockley and kinship with great houses. A Newdegate is soon after this chosen a knight of the shire for Surrey and pricked for sheriff. But the importance of the Newdegates of Newdegate was short lived. They held to their manor until the death of the last of them in 1612, but in their later generations they had sunk among the lesser squires.

A younger line was more vigorous—John Newdegate, a younger son of Newdegate of Newdegate, and by tradition a valiant soldier in France, found a good marriage in Joan Swanland, heiress of her brother William's manor of Harefield in Middlesex. From this marriage descended through several generations the Newdegate who gave part of Harefield for Arbury and the "fair quadrangular edifice of stone new reared by Sir Edmund Anderson." His son and grandson, John Newdegates both, succeeded him within a few years, the latter dying without issue in 1642, his younger brother Richard being his heir.

Many of these Newdegates of the younger line had been lawyers, but Richard was perhaps the most distinguished of them. He was a judge in 1654 under the Commonwealth, but



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WEST ENTRANCE GATES.

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ON THE SOUTH FRONT.

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PORTION OF THE STABLES.

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GATEWAY OF THE STABLES.

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THE OLD ENTRANCE.

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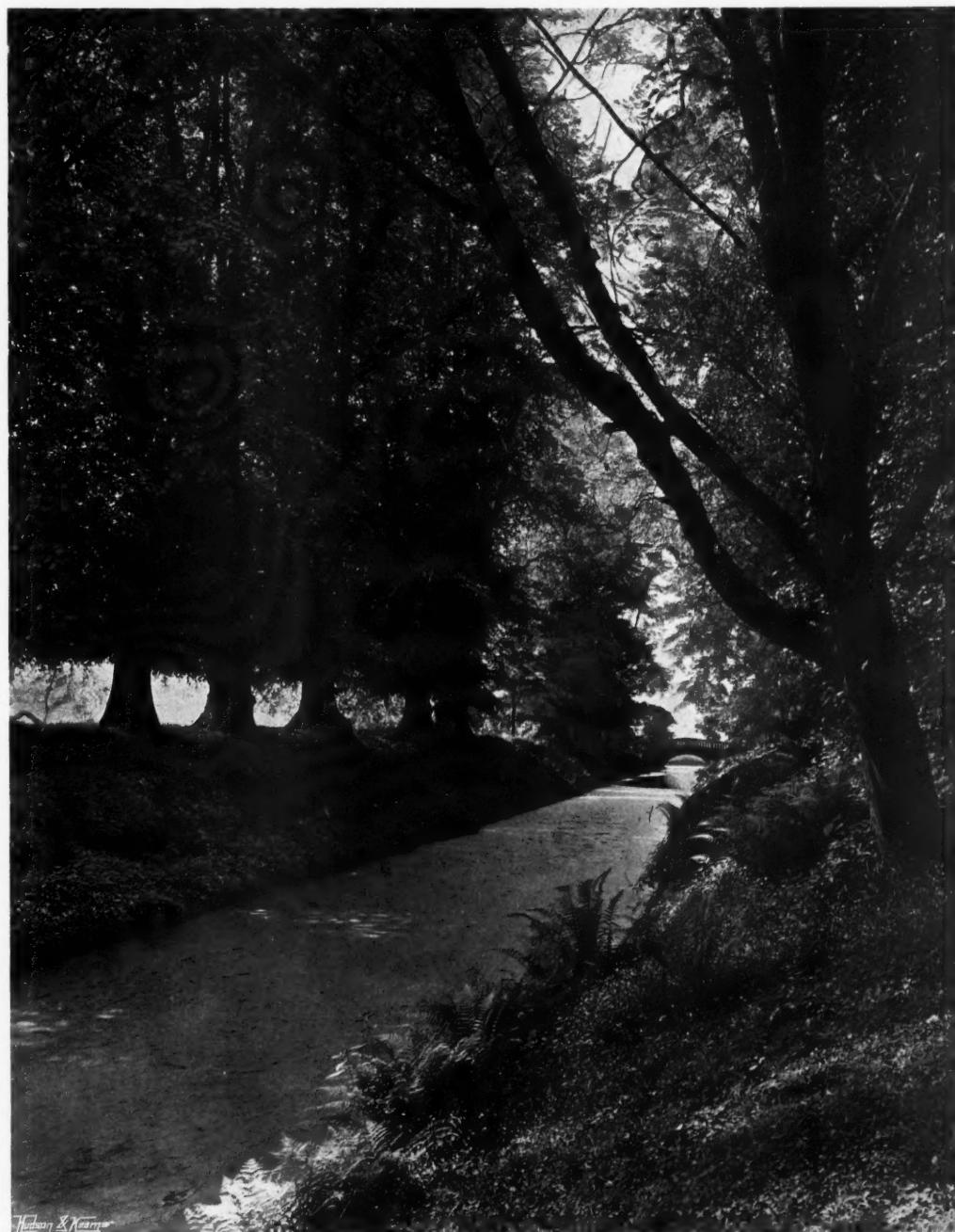
was removed from the bench for refusing to try the Cavalier rebels in Yorkshire. The lawyer in him mastered the Parliament man, and Richard Newdegate, himself a distant cousin of Oliver, stoutly declared that levying war against a Protector was not treason by the book. When degraded from office he practised at the bar until he could be no longer spared, and he was one of the judges who attended in state that investiture in Westminster Hall which made Oliver King in all but name. The Restoration found him Chief Justice of the Upper Bench and left him one of the "old serjeants re-made." It is probable that a lucrative practice consoled him for this second deprivation, for to the manor of Arbury he was able by a purchase in 1661 to add Astley Castle, the ancient fortified manor house of the Suffolk Grays, built on the site of the feudal castle of the Astleys. Likewise he bought the lands of Kirk Hallam in Derbyshire. But his most notable acquisition was that part of the Newdegates' ancient manor and principal estate of Harefield, which his grandfather had exchanged for Arbury; this he purchased back in 1675. Two years afterwards he was created a baronet, his patent speaking of various good services "performed to us and to our faithful subjects in time of usurpation"; but this was a dignity which he enjoyed little more than a year. He was succeeded by his son Richard, who during his father's lifetime lived at Arbury, and in the church of Astley was a monument of a little grandson of the first baronet, dead in 1667 at three months old, with a rare set of gravestone verses telling how

Many sharp spastick fits his little heart
Felt, ere it would from his dear
parents part
They as a legacy those convulsions
Feel in their sorrows and repeat his
groans.

The fourth baronet died in 1734, an Oxford undergraduate, his younger brother, Sir Roger, the last baronet and best-known of the house, being then a King's scholar at Westminster. Sir Roger Newdigate, the fifth baronet, was born in 1719, and his long life ended in the year after Trafalgar. Note that the surname had come to be written with an "i," as was that of certain of his predecessors, although by his will "Newdegate" has been restored as indicating an earlier version.

A "half-converted Jacobite" was Horace Walpole's word for Sir Roger Newdigate. Few other ill names can have fallen in the way of this good baronet. "The most worthy, estimable and agreeable man in the world," wrote his middle-aged betrothed in 1776, and in a year or two later she ventures to add "a dear goose" to these qualifications. During early life he took the grand tour in France and Italy, bringing back to Arbury two folio volumes of drawings of ancient buildings, and marbles, vases and casts of his collecting are still to be seen. His dissertation on the true line of Hannibal's advance over the Alps remains in manuscript, but his name owes its literary flavour to his famous bequest of a yearly one-and-twenty guineas for a prize poem by an undergraduate of Oxford. Sixty lines on ancient art was Sir Roger's original scheme, "and no compliment to me in it. If there is it will make me sick," added the downright baronet. Thus was the Newdigate founded. Its winners, it is true, have been for the most part tuners of scranne pipes; but a prize which Matthew Arnold reckoned as his first literary success has nothing of the ridiculous. A posthumous likeness of old Sir Roger and his household comes to us by the strange accident that to the estate bailiff of Francis Newdigate, Robert Evans, was born

at the South Farm in Arbury, thirteen years after Sir Roger's death, a daughter who was to be "George Eliot," and here at Arbury the little Mary Ann Evans gathered up the tales and impressions of the past generation of Newdigates, which were to serve her when she came to write the "Scenes of Clerical Life." Sir Roger is her Sir Christopher Cheverel, and his young kinsman, Charles Parker, the "serenely self-satisfied" Captain Wybrow. At Sir Roger's death Arbury passed for life to his kinsman, Francis Parker of Kirk Hallam, who, on succeeding as a boy of eleven to the Kirk Hallam and other estates of his uncle, Francis Newdigate, had taken the name and arms of Newdigate, and he in 1835 was succeeded by his great-nephew. This great-nephew, Charles Newdigate-Newdigate of Arbury, headed the poll in nine North Warwickshire elections. He was to all seeming a Tory of the



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THE EAST MOAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

old school, for whom a Roman Catholic was a potential conspirator, but, according to his own political confession, esteemed himself a "Whig of the principles of 1688." He was a Privy Councillor, one who twice refused office, and a notable sportsman. Such a hard rider was this Squire of Arbury that it is told of him that as a man of sixty-six years he fell from his horse in a fit. When he came to himself he mounted again and followed after the Atherstone hounds. Under his will he was succeeded by Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Newdigate, K.C.B., a fourth son of the Kirk Hallam branch, a soldier of distinction. Sir Edward, dying in 1902, was, according to the dispositions of the will of Mr. Charles Newdigate, succeeded by the present lord of Arbury, Mr. Francis Alexander Newdigate, who for more than thirteen years represented the Nuneaton Division in Parliament.



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THE RIVER LAWN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The old mansion of the Newdegates is still the house for which they gave part of Harefield, although changed out of all knowledge. Good Sir Roger Newdigate, builder of school and almshouse, cutter of canals and maker of roads, had indeed the unwavering architectural purpose with which George Eliot credits him. Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster, the Divinity School at Oxford and King's College Chapel served him as models for his dining-room, his saloon and his drawing-room, and the Elizabethan manor house has become in the main a dwelling of such

Gothic as Sir Roger's age could compass. But the long picture gallery has had little alteration; the chapel, with its Gibbons carvings, is untouched. The noble range of stables built by the second baronet under the advice of Sir Christopher Wren, whose letters are at Arbury, still attests the superior dignity of the seventeenth century work, and the stately iron gates, with the shield of Newdigate and Twisden, show that Sir Roger respected his father's work. And beyond and about the hall are the ancient trees of the deer park.

A FIELD PATH INTO NORMAN ENGLAND.

IT is barely nineteen miles from London, but at the end of them you have stepped into Norman England. If you are, for the moment, a little tired of modern England, you shall find here a live page from Domesday Book, and none shall interrupt. For to this hillside comes no creature save the farm hands, the stately farm horses, the ruminant cows, the rooks of the furrow; and are not all these unchanging as the fields of the Saxon manor, immutable as the Norman stones of the little church up there on the hill, looking down on you, imperishable, across a gulf of ten seething human centuries? Ten full centuries have swirled by, with their wars and rumours of wars, their revolutions and reformations and counter-revolutions, their infinite vexations of spirit, and still the solitary Norman chapel, and the one grey homestead by its side, stand there on the crest of the meadows, secure, immune, as though within their frail walls lodged some abiding power, stronger than progress, deeper than restlessness.

The road has left the last cottage of the last village, and, disdaining now even the constraint of ragged green banks and hedgerow elms, breaks into a riot of mud-ruts, across pasture fields. Through the sere wintry grass a grey stream glistens, scarce bridged by a handful of lichenized planks. In the days of Domesday Book these same sleepy waters yielded to Oswold, heir of Earl Harold, a fishery valued at fivepence. Over the bridge the wandering ruts lead us into a deep-hedged lane; and at the end thereof we drop suddenly into a great

farmyard, where "the road," having done its duty, leaves us. For across the trampled brown mud, edged by rose red walls of mellowed brick, stands a grey-timbered farmhouse; and on the same green knoll, apart and yet at one, as is fitting, stands the smallest of Norman churches. Just four Norman walls, the lichenized roof, the low oak-shingled spire—it is hard to say where the red farm walls, the yellow haystacks, the timbered gables of the homestead end, and the flints of the Norman builders begin. No sound of human voice; no other human habitations, save the nameless mounds in the grass about the church. In the silence you can almost hear the Sanctus bell ringing over the fields and russet copses, as it rang for the Saxon and Norman and Plantagenet field-folke for 800 years.

"Oswold holdt Wiselei," writes the scribe of Domesday Book. "He held it of Earl Harold. . . . There is a Church, and 2 Villans in Gross, and 1 Mill of 10/s. and 6 Acres of Meadow, and a Fishery worth 5 pence. The Wood yields 6 Hogs." This Saxon church passed away before the Norman builders, under whose hands rose sanctuary and nave, rounded arches and deep-cut windows, very much as we now see them. On the walls are still marked certain rough frescoes said to be the consecration crosses. On the south wall of the sanctuary, overlooking miles of pleasant wind-swept meadow-land, is one of those mysterious built-up openings which the great army of friars perhaps brought to our English churches during the 200 years of their wandering ministry; possibly for confessionals, at which all comers might

kneel on the grass without. Or perhaps these openings were designed for the priest to administer Holy Communion to lepers and other infectious sick. Down the ages there come to the old church, or chapel—for, indeed, it is scarce great enough for any larger name—echoes, now and again, of the strife of the far-off world of camp and court. Its priests more than once were appointed by the Black Prince, as the then lord of the manor. Another lord of the manor, one Robert Poynnges, we hear of as slain in the siege of Orleans in 1447. From him the quiet Surrey lands passed to the Lady Alianore (what rhythms Swinburne would weave round that most musical of ancient names) and her husband, Sir Henry Percy, son of the famous Hotspur. He died fighting for the King in the Wars of the Roses at the first battle of St. Albans. Later still, the estate passed to Sir John Woolley, Latin Secretary of Queen Elizabeth, of whom we shall have more to say concerning the neighbouring parish of Pyrford. For the good Norman builders were busy in this green tract of hill and valley, silver water and wide grasslands. Yet a mile or two away, over the sleepy canal with its placid barge-life, past the little solitary whitewashed inn, where beneath tumbled roofs and an amazingly crooked chimney you shall be well regaled on legends of bygone skittles and excellent present beer and beef. On through the winding silent lanes, and suddenly, beyond the soft dun brown of the elm branches, glimmer white stones on a green croft overhead. It is "Peltorde" churchyard, and the headstones of the village, looking out over the green valley levels for who shall say how many generations. At the church door there is still the stone stoup for holy water, and as you step into the low dark nave Norman England is here even a little nearer to you than at the "Wiselei" of Earl Harold. On the walls of the nave are the shadowy figures, strange as those that pass in shadow dances across old tapestry, of frescoes painted in some dim red pigment. Here is a figure of which the head is crowned by a nimbus, the hands extended as it were to receive a suppliant. There is a procession of robed men, each stepping stalwartly, staff in hand, and followed by a great horse; or is it the Abbot's sumpter mule? Here, again, is surely the Abbot himself, riding in state, and, after the manner of early art, greatly enlarged in size as well as in dignity. Here, again, on both nave and sanctuary walls are the slightly-incised consecration crosses, each defined within its mystical circle as clearly as

though the Norman mason had been at work but yesterday. A beautiful fragment of ancient glass yet fills the crumbling quatrefoil of the delicate, fifteenth century east window, and appears to be nearly, if not quite, coeval with the stone tracery. It shows the figure of God the Father, holding on His knees the crucified Christ, and with the round ball of the world at His feet. By what strange and happy accident did this crucifix escape the Puritan rages? We have left to the last a special glory of the dim old church, a fifteenth century oaken roof of grey beams; beams massive as the Norman walls, rough-hewn from the forests, careless of centuries past and centuries to come. Across the splendid circle of the chancel arch the rood-beam itself is *ye'* in place, though stripped of all which gave it significance. Close to the eastern end of the north wall of the church is (or was till recently) a "sort of cantilever, fixed on to the wallplate." The holes for a chain, or chains, remaining in this projecting wood-work, may have been designed for the suspension of the pyx, the vessel containing the Blessed Sacrament. We know that the pyx, sometimes made in the form of a dove, was commonly suspended by a chain. Or it is possible that this cantilever may have been for the light kept burning before the pyx.

Holy Church held double sway in Norman Piriforde, for it was thus that William the Conqueror granted the manor: "William the First, King of the English to the Sheriff and all his Officers in Surrey, greeting. Know ye that, for the health of my soul I do grant unto God, and to St. Peter of Westminster, and to the Abbot G. VIII. Hides of the Maner of Piriford." Domesday Book tells us how the Abbey held arable land and meadows, and 27 Villains, and 14 Bordars, and 3 slaves, and two Mills, and fourscore Swine of the pasnage (*i.e.*, fat swine) and herbage (lean swine). A charter of Henry I. shows that the Abbot of Westminster's lands in Pyrford had, with others, come by some means into the hands of the Royal Chancellor. Henry makes restitution: "Henry, King of the English, to Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, and Geoffrey de Clinton, and all his sheriffs and ministers of Oxnefordescire and Sudrey and Middlesex, greeting. Know ye that I have rendered to the Church and Abbot Herbert and the whole Convent of Westminster all their lands which the Chancellor held of them, namely . . . Piriforde . . . as well and honorably and freely as they best held in the time of my father. Witren Nigel de Oly, at



Wodestoc." In the reign of Edward I. we find the Lord Abbot of Westminster claiming rights on his estate of Piriford in respect to lands and woods, and tolls in markets and fairs and to have a prison on his demesne. Further, from a rental renewed in the reign of Edward IV., it appears that these Piriford tenants of St. Peter of Westminster were bound to rebuild and sustain parts of my Lord Abbot's stabling, of his ox-stall and of his grange; that they must mow his meadow, receiving 7s. 8d. and five cartloads of firewood; and, further, that they must perform a long list of services or else compound for a fixed sum, thus: Damming the water, to overflow the lord's meadows, once in the year, 1d.; mowing, spreading, cocking and stacking hay, 3d., 1½d., 1d. and ½d. respectively; filling of dung-cart, for every two days, 2d.; carrying and spreading of dung, for every two days, 6d.; for making every hurdle, 1d.; threshing, winnowing and binding white wheat, services priced according to measure; and so on through the rural year of Merrie England.

Into the later history of the manor, its holding by Queen Elizabeth's Latin Secretary, Sir John Wolley, and his sheltering of two forlorn lovers (of whom the bridegroom was no less a person than Donne, poet and subsequent Dean of St. Paul's); into the records of the ancient mansion house, we must not stray. These things are far afield from Norman slaves and the Abbot's dung-cart. The old church emerges into documentary twilight for a brief moment in 1381, when the then Vicar of Woking, one John Hands de Dodeford, was cited to appear before the Bishop in the adjacent Priory of Newark for neglect in his duty of providing a priest for this chapel, whereupon the said John was charged, on pain of excommunication,

that he provide a priest to administer the sacraments to the people of the said hamlet of Piriford.

"Item one chalice of tynn, item one pyx of latten, item two sackring bells, item two auiter clothes of lockeram, item two krewittes of tynne" were found, with other appurtenances, for the service of this altar when the Commissioners of Edward VI. made those sixteenth century inquisitions, so closely anticipating the inventories of modern Republican France. The old church is happy in that it suffers no modern monstrosity for pulpit or pews. The pulpit is a very beautiful Jacobean example of deal panelling, inlaid with other woods, and bearing the initials "T. B." and the date 1628. Who T. B. was we know not; but his delicate work has come down to us through four centuries—a proof that deal wears as well as many a harder wood. The dark old oak pews are chiefly of fifteenth century date.

We have been lately told that our dress, our manners and, presumably, our buildings are but "random symbols of the soul." Here, within and without, from oaken spire and flint-built walls to the inner grace and strength of fretted arch, of pierced window, of massive beam, the ancient builder wrought things wholly beautiful. Moreover, in the quiet fields of Wisley, beside the outward and visible sign of his piety, and separated therefrom but by the turf of a few village graves, stands the deep-roofed, timbered homestead of the tiller of those wide meadows, the successor to the Villains of Domesday Book—a dwelling-place gracious in outline, mellow in colour, full of a quiet and reticent dignity. Are these the symbols of the soul of an older England? And, if so, what shall we say of the soul of modern England, clothing itself in a livid vesture of cockney villas?

G. M. GODDEN.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

NATURE IN AMERICA.

A CONSIDERABLE part of the last three weeks I have spent in gazing at the North American Continent out of car windows; and when engaged in that occupation it is impossible not to be impressed with the desolate lack of wild life in the landscape. Time was when things were different. When I first crossed the United States, we saw in the West antelope and coyotes every day, and buffalo skulls and bones were strewn over the prairies as thick as if they had been scattered out of some giant pepper-castor. Deer used to race the trains in those days, and on at least half-a-dozen occasions I have seen bears stand blinking at the cars as they went roaring by. Prairie-dogs, chipmunks and gophers were common objects of the country, while it was no infrequent pastime among the cowboys to stand on the platforms of the cars and practise with their revolvers at jack rabbits. It was a harmless sport, for even a cowboy has trouble in hitting a running rabbit from a moving train with a .45-calibre Smith and Wesson.

THE SUICIDAL SKUNK.

No one, as far as I know, has ever satisfactorily explained the extraordinary penchant that skunks have for wandering on the railroad right-of-way at night and getting themselves disagreeably run over by trains. When a skunk is run over it is usually the engine that kills him, and the wheels of all the cars run over what is left. The common skunk (to which science has done ample justice in giving him his name, *Mephitis mephatica*) is odoriferous in death, and from one end of the train to the other—from engine-cab to caboose—the air of every car is soon heavy with the memory of the departed. Many a time has the suffocating smell waked me in mid-sleep; nor will any amount of ventilation purify the atmosphere for some hours afterwards. Nowadays skunks are happily scarcer and more shy of men and their machines. Jack rabbits still flourish in many parts of the South-West, but my travels this time did not reach their country, and over some 4,000 miles of the Eastern, Central and North-Western States not a four-footed wild thing met my eye, while the absence of birds gives an extra sense of loneliness to the wide landscapes.

AN EMPTY LANDSCAPE.

It is true that it was March, and much of the country was more or less frost-bound and sprinkled with snow; but even so, whether in uninhabited tracts or in the settled farming districts, where for hour after hour there passes a constant procession of thin wheat stubble or untidy cornstalks with their ragged leaves fluttering in the air, broken only by zig-zag lines of split-rail fences and occasional bare, unpainted farm buildings, for miles together hardly a wing moved against the land or sky. Frequent patches of woodland, chiefly oak with the brown leaves still clinging to the branches, interspersed with the bare poles of birch and of maple or cottonwood, went sliding by with now and then a piece of water, lake or "slough," or a stream large enough to be a notable river in England, but here hardly owing to a local name. But over farmland and wood and water alike the air was almost unbroken by flight of bird.

A CENSUS IN FOUR STATES.

Keeping careful lookout I counted all the wild things that I saw over distances measured roughly by the telegraph posts. A count over ten miles in the State of Indiana resulted as follows: First mile, one English sparrow; second mile, one snow bunting; third mile to eighth, nothing; ninth mile, five buntings; tenth mile, nothing. A similar distance in Ohio produced: First two miles, nothing; third mile, one American crow; fourth mile, two crows; fifth and sixth miles, nothing; seventh mile, a flock of about sixty crows; eighth mile, three crows; ninth and tenth miles, nothing. Ten

miles in Pennsylvania produced more crows, including a flock of over a hundred and one American blackbird. In Minnesota ten miles produced nothing. In all, in the course of something over three days' continuous travelling, there were a couple of dozen sparrows and about as many snow buntings, one blackbird, some ten meadow larks, probably a thousand crows and two hawks. That was all.

AS COMPARED WITH ENGLAND.

Arriving in England three days ago I counted, for comparison, the birds which I saw in one five-mile stretch from station to station on the Great Eastern Railway, and they included rook, peewit, wood-pigeon, starling, blackbird, thrush, missel-thrush, yellow-hammer, chaffinch, robin, sparrow, great tit, blue tit and partridge, which is probably a fair average for any normal five miles in England. There were also two hares and many small birds seen too indistinctly to be identified. There are, in fact, more birds to be seen in ten minutes of railway travel in March in the British Isles than in three days in the Northern and Central United States. In summer the contrast would be less striking, but at any time of year the gulf is wide.

CONSCIENTIOUS SPARROWS.

Americans themselves believe, especially in the Eastern cities, that it is the British sparrow which has driven out the song-birds. Sparrows were deliberately turned out in New York in order that they might eat the caterpillars which at that time were plaguing the city. New Yorkers complain that the birds did not even do what they were brought over for; but there is evidence that they did. It is true that New York still suffers from caterpillar plagues; but contemporary testimony goes to show that the caterpillars which the sparrows were brought over to destroy were green ones, smooth and eatable. The caterpillar that sometimes plagues the city now is a hairy thing which no self-respecting sparrow would ever dream of eating. Cuckoos are probably the only perching bird that could perform the feat. So far as the immediate object of his importation was concerned, the sparrow appears to have lived up to his contract; and it seems unjust to blame him because he did not continue to keep the city free from all caterpillar plagues of every kind, eatable or not, to the end of Time. That was nowhere specified in the bond.

WHY BIRDS ARE SCARCE IN AMERICA.

Whether the graver accusation that the sparrow drives out the other minor birds is true or not, it is hard to say. In England we know something of the sparrow's quarrelsome nature, and know that he does often make life difficult for other birds which seem unable to defend themselves against him. Yet with several hundred times more sparrows to the mile than any part of America can boast we certainly do not lack other birds. The truth probably is that song birds have disappeared largely from the neighbourhood of cities in America merely because of the growth of those cities themselves, while the vast expanses of the Central and Western parts of the Continent were never abundantly supplied with bird life as measured by English standards, except for great quantities of a few species which thrived under the conditions of the wilderness but have dwindled as a result of the change of food supply induced by the spread of population.

AMERICAN WASTEFULNESS OF NATURE.

Until very recent years, moreover, the American people has been singularly lacking in any sentimental regard for Nature. In England, densely populated and almost over-civilised, we have long seen the necessity of clinging desperately to whatever wild life was left to us. We have learned to cherish Nature because it was scarce. America, on the other hand, has been all Nature—a continent of wild life, only fringed and dimpled with settlements; wherefore the American, for generations, attached extraordinary value

to his towns and whatever spoke of "progress," and was correspondingly wasteful of the things of Nature—of his timber, of the fish in his rivers, of the wild animals, fur-bearing or otherwise, and of the bird-life. Now the tide is running strongly the other way. Nature-study has gripped the people, and the nation is very wisely busy restocking its waters with fish, reafforesting stripped lands, protecting the remnants of the wild game, four-legged or feathered, with stringent laws, making gardening a fashionable fad, boulevarding cities and reserving tracts of land of natural beauty as national parks. And whatever the American nation takes hold of, it takes hold of in earnest, so that wonderful work has been done even in the last two decades. But I doubt if the British sparrow deserves all the abuse that he gets.

H. P. R.

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY JOURNAL.

AT Ockenden House, near Cuckfield, in Sussex, lived, in the seventeenth century, a certain Timothy Burrell, a member of an old Sussex family that had settled in the county more than four hundred years ago. Probably this Timothy Burrell differed little from other country gentlemen of his date, but his claim to notice lies in the fact that during his lifetime he kept a "Journal and Account Book" which was fortunately preserved until a few years ago, when it was destroyed in the fire which occurred at Knepp Castle, the seat of the present head of the family, Sir Merril Burrell, Bart. Luckily, very full transcripts of this journal were printed some years back by the Sussex Archaeological Society, and they give us an insight into the life of the period which could ill have been spared. The writer was born in 1643, a year before the battle of Marston Moor, and consequently was six years of age at the time of the execution of Charles I. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, afterwards being called to the Bar, which fact led to his being frequently consulted by his Sussex neighbours on matters pertaining to the law and to the title of "Counsellor Burrell," by which he was commonly known. His journal commences when, at forty years of age, he was living a country life in the comfortable gabled house at Cuckfield. To commence with we find entries regarding the wages paid to servants, from which it appears that "Sarah Fuller darymayd" received "45s. per an." The footman's wages came to 30s. a year, "with coat, breeches and hat," while the coachman claimed £6 a year and a coat and breeches, added to which he received 2s. 6d. in addition "for catching moles." The cook's wages were 50s. a year, and the "chambermayd" was paid a similar sum. John, the coachman, was no example of sobriety, for his master on paying him his half-year's wages adds "to be spent in ale," and on another occasion "to be fooled away in syder or lottery." John, however, must have been a good man in the stable—or an expert mole-catcher—for in spite of his lack of temperance he kept his place until his death, in 1712, which was caused by a fall from the box whu driving to Glynde, in connection with which Mr. Burrell records the payment of "14s. id. for plasters, ointments, pectorals, purges, for John Lord's head, eyes, wrist, knee, foot and lung." In 1687 Timothy Burrell purchased two coach geldings

for £35, and "gave the man who brought them from Maudlyn faire, near Winchester, 10s." His chariot cost him £28, and two liveries for the men £5 4s. In 1694 he buys for the coach "a four year old bay gelding with a white spot on the wither, and a small white spot on the forehead, for £12." Six years later is entered the price of £34 for "two black geldings, 5 years old this spring, each fifteen hands high, with a small star in the forehead, and two white feet behind, all the rest of the body black."

From these stable expenses it is curious to note that a pair of horses cost as much as six times the yearly wages of the coachman, while the footman's wages only amounted to double the fee paid to "the horse rider for riding the chestnut colt," who received 15s. There are many entries with regard to farm expenses. The "mowers" were paid 1s. 8d. an acre, and the payment for a man and boy "for haying" came to £1 3s. 6d. for twenty-three days, in the year 1689.

We find that the cellar at Ockenden House was well filled with home-brewed ale and beer—the weekly consumption of malt was thirty bushels—and port at 1s. a bottle and Canary at 1s. 8d. a bottle were laid down. Less attractive items are found in the payment of chimney and window taxes, and on the birth of a daughter, followed by the death of his wife, Timothy

Burrell was called upon to pay £6 6s.—births, marriages and deaths alike being taxed in 1696. In later years, when the daughter had grown to be a young woman, her name is frequently mentioned in the journal. She ultimately married Lord Trevor; but in 1703 we find her learning to dance "at a guinea entrance, and a guinea a quarter." The same year she receives a present of "a Te pot and porridge spoon"—tea is first mentioned in 1701, when the diarist generously gives away $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. of it. "My girle" is frequently referred to at a later period, and such purchases as the following are noted: "A pair of fine scarlet stockings," "2 ells of cloth to make a smock," "28 yards of pink flowered satin, at 9s. the yard, £12 12s." There are not, on the whole, many references to family matters in the diary; but Timothy Burrell, here and there, alludes to such in Latin. Once he was "rather too impatient" with his servant "for having put too much salt in my broth," and on another occasion "my sister was impudent to me, but I kept my temper pretty well." Subsequently, Timothy Burrell quarrelled with the said sister, and admits being "somewhat, not to say too much, irritated with her." At Christmas various neighbours kept the Ockenden larder well supplied with good fare, and year by year we find these presents recorded. They took the welcome form of venison, pigs, capons, pullets, trout, carp (one of which weighed 4lb.), kegs of sturgeon (from Sir John Shelley), pots of woodcock (regularly sent by a sister), cheese, chocolate, bottles of mead and many other delicacies.

Of Timothy Burrell's amusements we do not hear much. He played cards, and entered the losings in his accounts. He read *Gazettes*, brought him by the carrier, and the first three numbers of the *Flying Post* are noticed. He paid occasional visits to London, on horseback no doubt, and possibly it was there that he amused himself most thoroughly, for he enters the sum of £54 3s. as "spnt in London," during a visit of not very long duration. For the rest, we may conclude that he hunted, and shot, and hawked, after the manner of other country gentlemen. In 1715, weary of house-keeping, the diarist handed over the reins of government to his

son-in-law, the husband of "my girle," and two years later Timothy Burrell died at the age of seventy-five. He lies buried in the church of Cuckfield,



M. E. McDonaldson.

A "HIELANT LADDIE."

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close to his old home, where there is a monument to his memory; but a better and far more enduring memorial is the quaint "Journal and Account Book," the contents of which have been so fortunately preserved. Diary-keeping, even in the case of the immortal Pepys, has often aroused many a sneer. There seems to be more than a shade

of egotism in thus recording what, at the time they are written, seem such trivial details; but centuries go by, and lo! the vintage has gained so greatly by the mere lapse of time that the merest chit-chat and account-book items help to throw light on matters social and, as here, even economic.

AN OPEN-AIR SLEEPING HUT.

NOW that sleeping out of doors has become with many a recognised necessity, and is even viewed tolerantly by the least progressive, the discussion of ways and means as to the best method of providing a reliable shelter is of interest to a continually-increasing number of people. To those who have had no experience of the elements, and know still less about describing the sort of hut they want, it is a perplexing business to be confronted with the carpenter, waiting for orders. But worse still are the sensations when the fact is grasped that orders given and carried out in defiance of a few simple natural laws may lead to disturbed and sleep-forsaken nights in the future. After the bare mention of sleepless nights, those who are thinking of following my example will, perhaps, be glad to have a few particulars of a hut which, from personal experience, I can guarantee has met the requirements of those who put it up.

First and foremost, the hut was intended to afford reliable sleeping accommodation the year round. This meant it was to be draughtless on windy nights and dry during rainy nights; and yet it must have one side always open to the fresh air. Some said this was impossible without a revolving arrangement, which for the size of the hut required was, for financial reasons, out of the question. The hut's secondary reason for existence was that it should provide a garden-room where, sheltered from rain and off the damp ground, tea might become a possibility early in the spring. A little later in the year the bricks-and-mortar edifice was almost entirely forsaken, and most meals were served in the "garden-room," by which name the hut soon came to be known. Indeed, all work that could be done away from furnished rooms was carried there also. The hut, which is 10ft. square, is made of weather-boarding, and the two solid walls have a matchboard lining. There is also a good deal floor. One side, facing north-west, has an aperture extending almost its entire length, which is closed by three shutters that work most simply. The middle one fits over the others and is bolted to the roof and floor, thus holding them firmly in the most tempestuous weather. These large shutters pack away in a corner of the hut when not in use, and take up very little room. The other opening side faces south-west, and has what the carpenter called a "dado," that is, a low wall running the whole length, except where an equally low door divides it in the middle. It was thought necessary not to have this side open right down to the ground, as it is exposed to the prevailing west wind, which has a way of driving the rain, so often its companion, into all sorts of places where, to

say the least, it is not welcome. The shutters on this side, which naturally are much shorter than the others, when not in use fit away in the roof, as can be seen in one of the illustrations. By this arrangement they are always close at hand and yet not in the way, and one can be taken down and put in position, even as a sunshade, in no longer time than it takes to draw an ordinary blind. The eaves, being very long, are a great help in keeping the weather out. They seem to coax the wind up over the roof, instead

of suggesting to it to come inside. The roof is of weather-board, over which is fixed tarred felt. Since the advent of the felt, not a drop of rain has found its way through. The hut is set on loose bricks, and is in no way a fixture. The bedstead is composed of two bunks, one above the other. This is an economy of room, should more than one person wish to sleep out. Easy running casters are provided, so that the bedstead can easily be shifted from one side of the hut to the other, according to the direction of the wind, and thus the most sheltered position may be secured. A rough table, also on casters, and a basket chair or two complete the furnishings.

But having reached the subject of the bedstead, perhaps a few hints as to the sleeping arrangements will not be out of place. It is necessary to have a waterproof sheet to cover up the bed during damp days. A thick flannel sleeping suit and night socks are advisable. Encased in such garments, plus an overcoat, one can even afford to saunter through the cold night air. The sudden change from warm rooms to normal winter night atmosphere is to many the most dreaded and risky part of sleeping out; and no doubt

there is danger of a chill if only ordinary night attire is worn. The present writer must confess that he began his experiment on the "Dutch courage" obtained from a hot-water bottle. But, with improved circulation and better health (directly attributable to the perfect fresh air breathed right through the night) such aids were soon discarded. Briefly put, the most important conditions in building a hut are these: First, a good site, if possible with a view, as, to the Nature-lover, it enhances the pleasure enormously, both on moonlight nights and in the early mornings; secondly, do not build far from the house, or it will make the hut much less

valuable as a garden-room and prolong the dreaded walk in bad weather for sleeping out; thirdly, absolute weather tightness. This is essential, for the possibility of rain dripping through a treacherous roof on the sleeper at three o'clock in the morning would certainly doom the experiment.

And what are the benefits of this sleeping out? Probably I shall have to admit that to the robust and rudely healthy person



Will Cadby. ONLY HALF OPEN FOR WINTER. Copyright.



Will Cadby. A NOVEL DOUBLE BED. Copyright.



Will Caddy.

NORTH-WEST, LOOKING IN.

Copyright.

they may not be over-evident. But it is not too much to say that to the delicate, highly strung, easily knocked up individual the advantages of sleeping in the open air are enormous. Pallid cheeks take on a ruddy hue, colds are unknown, nerves are forgotten and irritability becomes a phase of the past. A little hut and a little perseverance are the only necessities, and the result is assured.

WILL A. CADBY.

THE PARK POSTMAN.

In these days of change and hurry there is a calm delight in arriving on a visit to an old, well-known house after a long interval of time, and in finding all the surroundings just as one has recollected them for years. As I find myself in my own old room at the Park, with time for half-an-hour's rest before the dressing bell rings, I look round at the faded chintz hangings, the old-fashioned furniture, with complacent recognition. "Susanna and the Elders" still hangs over the high mantel-piece in all the respectable impropriety of an "Old Master," further chastened by the darkening of centuries. The Sèvres and Chelsea cups still defy the housemaid from their narrow ledge. It is a winter evening and the curtains are drawn, but I know well how the park-land stretches away to the deep woods, and how the yew hedges below my window bound the stone-paved terrace, with the little gate that opens on to the path across the park, leading to the Hall. It is all unchanged, and hark! on a sudden, when all is still, there breaks on my ear the sound of a quick step upon the stone, the sharp click of the gate-latch, a steady trudge along the crisp gravel path. How well I recognise it, and how well I know that every day, all these years that I have been away, it has sounded at exactly the same time. It is a bright moonlight evening, and as I peep behind the curtains there sure enough I see the well-known figure—a little, slight old man, rather more bent and shrunken than he used to be, but tramping at the same slow, steady pace. It is the messenger who brings the second post every day to the Park and the Hall, who also takes the evening letter-bags to the town, because the village post goes out inconveniently early. Not being an official postman he wears no uniform, but I can descry the bags slung over his shoulder. For nearly forty years he has filled his place, and year in year out has tramped his five-mile round every day. Along the hot, dusty roads in summer, through the mud and slush, or on the iron-bound winter ground, in pouring rain and blustering gales, and on sunny evenings, when the scent of flowers and the merry voices from the tennis lawn

reach him from the garden. The tall boys and girls to whom he touches his hat, and who call out a cheery greeting as, coming in from hunting, or wandering up from the cricket-field, they pass him on his round, are the children of others, whom he can recollect toddling up and down these paths with their nurses when he "first come to the place." He was a young man himself then, and his own sons and daughters have all been born and grown up and gone out into the world. First and last, what a share he has had in the joy and sorrow of the two houses. It was he who carried all those letters of suspense and condolence when the young son of the Hall was mortally injured at polo up in London. He has carried love letters and long budgets to children far away, and brought the answers so wistfully looked for by parents, missing Jack's and Harry's bright faces. He has been invited into the dining-room to drink a glass of wine and eat a bit of wedding cake when a tall fair bride left the Park, and he has slipped quietly in and out with his black-edged charge on days when the blinds have been down and all spoke in hushed voices. His worn leather bag

has held jubilant descriptions of a new home in a distant country, and heart-broken laments over the death of a first-born, and all the "petty dust" of everyday life has, day by day, swelled his burden.

"I see old Davey's still going his rounds," I remark at dinner.

"Ah, you heard the old fellow's step, did you?" says my host. "It's as good as a clock, all the year round; yes, he's getting old, but he does not seem to feel the walk, and he enjoys his tea in the servants' hall. I think it would kill him to give it up. He's hardly ever knocked off a day for illness, and there's never been a complaint of any kind against him, nothing lost or mislaid, no unpunctuality. It's a comfortable berth, a pound a week, and he gets his mornings to himself, but it must be an odd, monotonous sort of life."

He is an intimate acquaintance of the servants, of course, and has seen the Hall boy of his youth at the Park rise to the smartness of first footman and reach the dignity of butler, and at the Hall, where they are less fortunate or more clumsy in their management, he has "lost count" of numbers in a long succession. I meet him next day on his way to the house and stop to have a crack for old acquaintance sake. "So you've not set up a bicycle yet, Davey?" "No, no, Shanks's mare is good enough for me, and will be to the end, I hope." Has there ever been a day when he has missed making his round? Except for one or two days off for illness, and on the very rare occasions when the Park and the



Will Caddy.

INTERIOR OF "THE GARDEN HOUSE."

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Hall have been shut up at the same time, only once. It was in the great snowstorm of 1881, still remembered in Devon. The drifts were level with the high hedgerows. He managed to struggle the two miles from the town to the Park, walking on the tops of the hedges, but when he tried to get across the open ground to the Hall, he sank up to his armpits again and again. Some of the young gentlemen were at home, and together they at length fought their way through the snowdrifts and reached the Hall. He wanted to get back to the town, but "Old Sir Thomas"—he was alive then—"come out himself and said he would not allow it. He give me five shillings too, for bringing him his evening paper, and said he didn't know as he'd ever enjoyed it so much, seeing what a job it 'ad been to get it to him. Next day they 'ad out a snow-plough, and I got through all right, though then the trains 'ad stuck and there was very little post to bring."

He told me what a change there was in the quantity of letters and papers. When he began the work it was thought very strange of anyone to wish for a second post, but the Old Squire liked to get his *Times*. It got down about four o'clock then; now it comes in before twelve. There would be the one paper and two

or three letters, and once a week *Punch* and the *Saturday Review*. Now the letter bag is stuffed to bursting, dozens of letters, papers every day, so many that they have to be made up in a separate bundle, and yet there is a telephone in connection with the telegraph office, at which the young people of the party seem to live. The servants' letters formerly were few and far between, but now they have a goodly correspondence and newspapers and circulars of their own.

I ask him if he does not find the monotony of the never-varying round trying. He felt it at one time, he says, but that has worn off long ago. There is always variety in the weather—"hardly two days alike." Then the seasons make a change. "Come April, it'll be thirty-nine springs I've seen in this here lane. They say I shall walk after I be dead, and I 'low it seems pretty likely, but 'lor,' I says, 'you han't no call to be afeared o' me. If I do meet 'e, I wont do 'e no hurt.'" And he tramps on and leaves me to moralise tritely on the contrast of lives and on the letters which come from all parts of the world, like flocks of white birds, to the hands of the faithful bearer, who has never left this little circle of the hills in all his life.

THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNT MEETING.

HERE would appear to be a somewhat general opinion that the Warwickshire Hunt Annual Point-to-Point Meeting held at Kineton on Saturday last had not received the official sanction of the National Hunt Committee, and was, therefore, under the provision contained in Appendix C of the National Hunt Rules, illegal. With this notion we are hardly in accord, for on referring to the Racing Calendar it is evident that due notice of the meeting had been given, and we therefore fail to see on what grounds it can have been supposed that owners and horses taking part in the races would have been liable to incur the penalties for running at an unauthorised meeting. With regard to the inclusion of the House of Commons Steeple-chase in the programme, a different state of affairs prevails. Referring again to the Racing Calendar, it appears that on previous occasions notice has been given that this race would be run at the meeting. On this occasion such notice was omitted, and it would therefore appear that this particular race, as distinguished from the meeting as a whole, was illegal. That this view of the case was taken by those best qualified to judge, is evident from the action taken by Colonel W. Hall Walker in withdrawing from the race. To such a prominent owner of race-horses the point was one of great importance, for it was evidently within the bounds of possibility that participation in the race might have brought with it the disqualification of himself and his horses, at all events until the matter should have been set right by the authorities. It may be taken that to so keen a sportsman it came as a sad disappointment to be obliged to forego his ride over a country on Buttercup, who was, moreover, considered to hold a very good chance of winning the race. Such, at all events, appeared to be the opinion of the public, some of whom were to be seen investing their money on him, even while the horses were waiting at the post. It is an ill wind that blows good to nobody, and if the withdrawal of Buttercup brought disappointment to Colonel W. Hall Walker, it at least removed a probable stumbling-block from the path of Lord Dalmeny, who, free from the responsibilities of owning



W. A. Rouch.

MR. WALTER LONG ON RECRUIT.

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race-horses, laughed at the notion of "disqualification," and on his good horse Petroleur sailed gaily home a good half-dozen lengths in front of Viscount Helmsley on May Day, "a bad third" being awarded to the Right Hon. W. H. Long on Recruit. Just a dozen riders were found anxious to compete for the honour of winning the Warwickshire Hunt Light-weight Race, and, when the difficulties of weighing out with the somewhat primitive appliances available had been overcome and a satisfactory start effected, Mr. P. W. Nickalls took Holmby to the front; moreover, he stayed there for about a mile and a-half, when Mr. W. Holden drew up with Swagger, and, quickly taking the measure of the leader, made the rest of the running and went on to win a merrily-ridden race by four lengths, second honours being awarded to Captain S. P. Yates and Lord Vic. In the Warwickshire Hunt Welter Race Captain C. Van der Byl had matters all his own way on Red Prince, the nearest attendants on the winner of the Army Point-to-Point Race being Mr. R. Lakin, who finished within three lengths of him on Gipsy Hall, and Mr. J. B. Charter, who ran into third place with Blue Rock. In the course of the race Major Mowbray's Roche came to grief, and his rider sustained some injuries to his head, from which we hope he has now recovered. Mrs. Freake's nominations proved to be too good for those of Miss Gwyer and Miss Savory in the Ladies' Race, for they occupied both first and second positions at the finish, the judge's award placing Hard Cash, ridden by Mr. Thwaites, two lengths in front of Magora, steered by Mr. F. M. Freake.

In such a sporting county as Warwickshire it was no surprise to find a big field putting in an appearance for the Warwickshire Farmers' Race; catch weights not under 13st., with £10 and a cup for the winner, £5 and a cup for the second, £3 and a cup for the third and a solatium of £2 for the fourth. Seventeen gallant sportsmen and good horses went down to the post, but for one of the latter it was to be his last free gallop over the Warwickshire country, for the fall that brought down Mr. Miller left Shaker with a



W. A. Rouch.

MR. THWAITES ON HARD CASH.

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Rough. LORD DALMENY LEADS THE FIELD FROM LORD HELMSLEY. Copyright.

broken neck. The end of the four-mile gallop found Mr. J. Goodman and Black Oats leading Mr. C. Kendale and Jane by two lengths, and Mr. A. Tilley on Charlie became the recipient of the prize awarded to the third. Among those present were many members of the House of Commons and well-known hunting people, including Lord Willoughby de Broke (Master of the Warwickshire), Lord Valentia, M.P., Lord Dalmeny, M.P., Lord Wodehouse, M.P., Lord Annesley, Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox, Lord Leconfield, Sir P. Nickals, the Earl of Kimberley, Colonel W. Hall Walker, M.P., Mr. T. H. Berridge, M.P., Captain Kincaid Smith, M.P., the Right Hon. Walter Long, M.P., Lord Ernest Seymour and the Hon. A. Parker.

Since writing the above lines all doubts concerning the legality of the House of Commons Point-to-Point Steeplechases have been settled by the following notice: "It having been reported to the stewards of the National Hunt Committee that Lord Willoughby de Broke, Master of the Warwickshire Hounds, had failed to comply with the Rule requiring notice of seven days to be given to the Registry Office (under Appendix C) for the above meeting, they have fined him £25 and remit the disqualification of officials, owners, riders and horses."

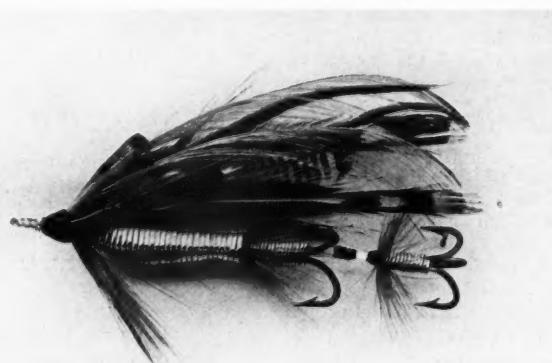
WHAT IS A SALMON FLY?

AMOST important case was tried in the Sheriff Court at Duns a few days ago, in which a superintendent of water-bailiffs charged two men with contravening the sixth section of the Tweed Fisheries Amendment Act of 1859, in so far that they had fished on the river Tweed with an illegal lure. This was described in the charge as consisting of "a heavy clear body in the shape of a minnow, without fins, having a feather wing and two treble hooks attached to the tail thereof, and a short distance from the said lure two pieces of lead, one for the purpose of sinking the line, and the other a spiral piece for the purpose of spinning the said lure." After a great deal of evidence had been heard, a report of which will be found in the *Southern Reporter* of March 28th, the sheriff declared that it was a case in which he could not possibly convict on the evidence. The lure was most certainly not being used as a minnow, because it had no swivels and it could not possibly have spun. He, therefore, found the accused not guilty. At the same time, he thought the Commissioners were quite right to bring the case into court to get a decision on the point, as it was an unusual lure, and he consented to state a case for appeal. The matter appeared to us so interesting that we sent the report of the proceedings to various authorities on angling matters, and are now able to give a selection from the opinions they expressed. At the same time, we show an illustration of the lure in a smaller size than that which was actually used on the Tweed.



Rough. AT THE START FOR THE HOUSE OF COMMONS RACE. Copyright.

questioned. Unfortunately, as he says, the newspaper was not delivered, and he therefore writes on the photograph. He says: "If by *legitimate* you mean legal, I think it is if used as a spinning bait and not as a snare; all turns on the mode of use. If, however, you mean sportsmanlike, I have no hesitation in saying it most certainly is not, and would turn anyone using it off one's water; as if you run—or should I say rise?—a fish, you will be sure to snip him or foul-hook him, and he will certainly not rise again and so be lost to fair fishing." The next opinion is that of a gentleman of unquestioned authority. He gives his views, but requests, for reasons that some of our readers, at least, will understand, that his name should not be mentioned: "That the lure in question was not what was meant by 'fly' when the Acts were passed is certain, and in my opinion it is *not* a fly. It is one of a number of lures that have been invented now and again for years past in the guise of flies, but which are all undoubtedly meant to represent minnows to the fishy eye while masquerading as flies to the eye of the bailiff. It is true that it does not spin, and will not do so without fins or a bend in the body, but it will undoubtedly wobble sufficiently to give it the appearance of a minnow. The dressing is a well-known one, that of a 'Wilkinson' fly, but it can be dressed as any fly, and I have seen it in the form of a 'Jonah' and also as an 'Alexandria.' I never knew a salmon fly dressed on triangle hooks, but only on double or single ones, but I have seen many large pike flies so dressed, but then they are usually as big as a small bird, say a chaffinch. They do not spin. Lead on the line has nothing whatever to do with whether it is a fly or not. It has been a common custom on the river Tweed, where the water is very deep, to lead the cast and sink the fly, and for thirty years I have done so and known very many others do so. I do not know that I can tell you anything more."



THE BONE OF CONTENTIOV.

Wing slightly disarranged to show body.

The fourth is a gentleman who signs only his initials, but who has had long experience of salmon rivers in the West of England and Scotland. "Many thanks for the newspaper report and picture of salmon lure; the case is one of great interest. Regarding the lure, apart from the Tweed Fishery Act, simply as a lure, I should say that as it is finished in the same way as a minnow it would be inferior to the latter in every way, and I do not think that anyone desiring to 'fish minnow' will give it up in favour of the atrocity depicted. If it were fished in a small size and thrown like a salmon fly, I think it would be inferior to a single hooked fly in hooking qualities, though, no doubt, many would think otherwise. I hold that multiplication of hooks makes it less likely for any hook to hold, and that those that may hold are worked out by the others. A friend of mine took a beat on a river near Inverness a few years ago. There all swear by double hooks; my friend used single, partly from inclination, partly because his gillie was so obstinate. Each fish he hooked the gillie told him not to worry—it was bound to get off, as he was using a single hook. He killed fifty odd fish in less than a month, far more than have ever been caught before or since; but the gillie is still convinced that fish cannot be caught on single hooks. In regard to the Tweed, where minnow is forbidden, as the case is *sub judice*, I suppose it is incorrect to express an opinion; however, reading the evidence, I should not have thought that it would have been "impossible to convict on the evidence." The witnesses for the Commissioners were agreed that the bait wriggled. It did not spin—but no fish in its natural state does spin; so far, it seems more like the real thing. They were agreed it was a minnow and not a fly. They had great experience. It was fished like a minnow, it made a splash like one. On the other hand, it is in human nature that the inventor and manufacturer of the said lure should, when called to give evidence, be confident that nothing ever resembled a minnow less or was more like a fly. Such evidence is received with caution. The Tweed Act never contemplated such a 'fly,' and if this decision is upheld it will be necessary to amend the Act. In fact, it is not the fish that are caught on such a lure that matter; what matters is that the minnow scares other fish by its splash and by its conspicuousness. This lure will be equally disastrous in both qualities, and from the fact that it will not kill so well as the minnow, will leave more scared fish in the pools, which will not rise to those who fish in the "gentlemanly" manner with the fly as opposed to the "poaching" manner of the lure depicted. I would add that I have never fished the Tweed, and have no personal interest in the matter except that common to all salmon-fishermen.—W. F. C."

Captain Radclyffe takes a decided stand: "My attention has been called to a recent case, tried on March 22nd before the Sheriff of Duns, and a request has been made that I should give an opinion upon it for publication in COUNTRY LIFE. In this case an angler was charged with using an illegal lure other than an artificial fly on the river Tweed. This charge the defendant denied. I have carefully perused the evidence given before the court, and, having examined a photograph of the disputed fly, I am of opinion that the verdict was entirely in accordance with the evidence, and the Sheriff's decision was the only possible one under the circumstances. It appears to me that a salmon fly cannot under any conditions be confined to a limited number or particular shape of hooks. If the lure has wings and hackle, as the one in this case had, it must be a form of fly. If, also, it is not fitted with fins or flanges and a swivel is not used in the cast, this form of fly cannot be called a spinning lure. The *modus operandi* adopted in fishing this fly appears to have been overhead casting, and I cannot see that the addition of a sinker on the cast makes it an illegal lure, since this method is adopted by many anglers when fishing deep with a fly. It might, perhaps, be beneficial to enact for the future that all such sinkers should be composed of small split shot, with which it would be impossible to make the fly even wobble. The case in point cannot be compared with that of an Alexandra on a trout stream. I should decidedly forbid the use of an Alexandra on a dry-fly trout stream, because in my opinion this is a form of lure and does not in any way resemble a natural fly. I have myself used on the Spey and other rivers a form of this fly, but have never adopted a sinker when using it. Personally I hate to lose the sight of a clean fish rising if I can possibly get him to take without sinking a fly. Most fishermen are well acquainted with a form of fly which is called the Aaro Spinner. Now, although this fly can also be cast overhead in the ordinary manner, I should decidedly call it a lure and not a fly, as it is fitted at the head with two small flanges, which spin and revolve when being drawn through the water. I may add that I have discussed this matter with some of the leading English fishermen and that they agree with me on this point, although none of us would go so far as to say that the actual mode of fishing adopted in the above case would be very sportsmanlike if employed on certain rivers we know."

Mr. Horace Hutchinson says: "It appears to me that on a comparison of the 'fly' in the picture sent me with the typical

lures parading under the same name as attractions for salmon, it would be quite impossible to say that it was not a 'fly' in the same sense that they are. It has not, of course, the most remote resemblance to any known 'fly,' but neither have they. On the other hand, it does not appear to me that it is strikingly like a minnow—or even at all like—and since the quasi-legal contention, which has caused the discussion about this particular lure, seems to be that it was practically a minnow, so far it strikes me that the contention must fail. In all probability the salmon take the ordinary artificial 'fly' (so-called) for a shrimp or some similar crustacean, either in the perfect or the larval form. This singular and composite body—the *corpus delicti*—must surely be taken by them (if they honour it by taking it, or by taking notice of it at all) for something of the same kind, so that there does not seem to be much more to be said. The fact of the duplicated treble hook need not cause misgivings as to the correctness of including this strange creation among 'flies,' for we have the duplication in many sea-trout and some salmon flies, specially designed for use where fish have a habit of rising short; and the treble hook is quite the recognised thing for salmon flies on certain rivers. This thing, in fact, though extremely unlike a fly, is very like a salmon fly. But it has very little resemblance indeed to a minnow."

[In a future issue we hope to supplement these interesting expressions of opinion with those of others equally representative.]

FROM THE FARMS.

THE LAMMING SEASON.

REPORTS from the farms continue to be tolerably favourable. At the end of last week, however, there was a very decided change of weather, which will tend to accentuate the backward state of some of the flocks. For several weeks previously the weather had been uncommonly favourable for this time of year, extremely little rain falling, which is always advantageous to sheep, and, though the nights were cold and frosty, the sun shone genially throughout the day. But on Saturday there was a sudden revolution to winter conditions. In some parts of the country snow fell to a thickness of from 4in. to 6in., and everywhere bitter winds accompanied a distinct fall of the temperature. However, there was nothing to interfere seriously with the progress of the ewes, and, as far as we can gather, the different flocks are doing uncommonly well. Among Lincoln sheep the season has been somewhat prolonged, but yet is looking rather above the average. Many farmers experienced exceptional difficulties, owing to the shortness of roots and other winter keep. The season of the South Downs has now practically ceased, and has, on the whole, been satisfactory. Oxford sheep have seemed to have done very much better than usual, while the lambs dropped by Cotswold ewes in most instances have been exceptionally strong and healthy. It is, perhaps, a little too early to pronounce a final judgment upon the season, but, bad as the symptoms were at the beginning, it does not seem likely to fall below the average.

THE DOGS ACT, 1906.

In a recent pamphlet issued by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries attention is called to this Act, which came into force on January 1st, 1907. It is anticipated by the writer that the losses incurred by injury caused to stock by dogs would be seriously diminished by this measure. We are glad to note that this anticipation has been more than fulfilled. There has been, during the present season, a gratifying diminution in the number of ewes and lambs attacked by dogs as compared with those that suffered from the same cause in 1906. No doubt the provisions of the Act are working very well. They render the owner of a dog liable in damages for injury done to cattle by the dog, and they deprive the owner of the defence which is popularly known as the dog's first bite. The protection afforded by the Dogs Act, 1871, against dangerous dogs is extended by the new Act, and under Sub-Section 4 of Section 1 a dog which is proved to have chased sheep or injured sheep or other cattle may be dealt with as a dangerous dog; that is to say, a court of summary jurisdiction may order it to be kept under proper control or destroyed. Some of the provisions appeared rather stringent when the Act was first examined, but nothing succeeds like success, and it seems now to be fairly evident that the Act is working well for the benefit of farmers and stock-owners generally.

PRACTICAL DAIRY COWS.

If we are to judge from prices around London the favourite cow for dairy purposes remains the Shorthorn. At present cows in milk are selling from £20 to £22. Away from London they are sold for somewhat less than this, the fact being accounted for by distance from the great metropolitan milk market. Those sold are in few cases pedigree cows; at least they are not entered in the cow-book, as a great many farmers persist in their belief that the cross-bred is the best for their purposes. The Ayrshire

cow that at one time was considered one of the best for milk is not now in such good repute and prices recently obtained for this breed have decidedly below those fetched by Shorthorns.

Two DAIRY SALES.

Of the various parts played by the Earl of Rosebery, one assumed less frequently than is desirable is that of dairy-farmer; but we are forcibly reminded that this, too, represents a side of his versatile genius by the fact that on April 23rd there will be sold at Mentmore a portion of the very fine herd of Jersey cattle which he keeps there. In it are strains from many of the best herds of Great Britain, including those of Lady Rothschild, Lord Winchester, Lord Cadogan, Mr. C. W. Armitage, Mr. R. H. Cobbe, Mr. Miller-Hallett and Mr. Mutton. The feature of the dairy has been the attention given to butter-producing cows and butter-making; in fact, Lord Rosebery's butter is known throughout the extent of the country as among the finest produced, thanks very much to the intelligence and care which his agent brings to bear upon this department of dairy-feeding. Another interesting herd which is sending a number of beasts to auction is that of Lord Cadogan at Culford, Bury St. Edmunds. These, too, contain strains of the best blood in Great Britain. Both sales ought to command a very pronounced success.

AUSTRALIAN BUTTER.

We are not surprised to learn that the exportation of butter from the Commonwealth of Australia increased in the year which is counted from July 1st, 1906, to March 31st, 1907. Australia, among the sources from which we obtain butter, now stands only second in order of importance, Denmark being an easy first. But our importation of Danish butter has of late years steadily declined, while that of Australia is taking its place. Nor can that be wondered at. In Australia very close attention has been given to the making of butter, and the consequence is that the quality is inferior to that of no other country, unless it be to the Jersey butter made in Great Britain. The improvement of the trade between Australia and this country is somewhat hampered by the smallness of the number of vessels; but no doubt these will be produced to meet the new demand. Of course, the great advantage that the Australians possess is that they are able to send us large supplies of grass-fed butter during the winter, when the butter from Denmark is not so good as it is in the summer months. Analysis shows that the best samples from the Commonwealth, particularly those obtained from New Zealand, will compare favourably with the best butter made upon the Continent, even that which comes from Normandy.

SHOOTING.

AGAINST HAND-REARED PARTRIDGES.

PARTRIDGES during the shooting season just past were patchy; they always are patchy, but the good patches were fewer and farther apart than was compatible with even an average year. However, those who take a practical interest in their partridges will be looking forward to next season rather than looking back on that which is past. Prospects at the present time can only be gauged by the stock left for breeding. It is not likely that there will be too large a stock anywhere, but what stock there is will be largely composed of old birds in many places. More particularly will this be the case in Norfolk and Suffolk, where two old birds to one young one was often the result of the count at the end of a day's shooting. On one estate 10,000 eggs were known to have been hatched, and only 1,000 young birds were believed to be alive in the first week in October. After the ground had been lightly shot over, the owner's estimate was proved to be nearly correct. This instance only serves to show what a dilemma many owners of shootings must have been placed in. On the one hand, if they shot there was the great risk of reducing the stock so much as to preclude the possibility of a good shoot in 1907-8: on the other hand, if they refrained from shooting at all, such a large number of old birds would have driven the young ones off the ground in the nesting season, as it is certain that one pair of old birds take up more ground for nesting than two pairs of young ones. The wisest plan, under these circumstances, is to shoot the ground over once lightly, and, if necessary, replenish the breeding stock with Hungarians.

Owners, after a bad season, are inclined to become disgusted with the means they have hitherto employed to increase their partridges. They may have put on extra hands who have worked hard, but the weather has been against any good results, and, consequently, orders are often given to hand-rear the birds. This may be done in a more or less wholesale way, or only as a means of supplementing the wild-bred stock. The object of this article is to try to show that hand-rearing, even in a small way, does more harm than good to the general increase of partridges. If a keeper is to rear, say, even 100 partridges, a great deal of his time will be taken up in doing so, which could be more advantageously employed on his beat. A good keeper is absolutely essential on a partridge beat, and, whether he would admit it or not, the object for which he will work hardest is to do as well as, or better than, his neighbours, provided that he works on equal terms with them. It is impossible for him to compete with men who rear a large number of birds annually, if he is not allowed to do the same. He knows that he cannot possibly rival the huge bag of tame-bred birds made by his neighbour. He consequently relaxes his efforts, and as he does so there is a corresponding decrease in the partridges on his beat. Again, though egg-stealing is not so prevalent as it was, thanks in a great measure to various game protection associations and the Game Egg Guild, a certain amount of it still goes on. Now, most of the stolen eggs, after passing through many vicissitudes, are probably placed under hens and the chicks produced from them hand-reared. If no partridges were hand-reared at all, there would be a greatly diminished demand for stolen eggs. In fact, one might almost say that hand-rearing is one of the greatest incentives to egg-stealing, although an indirect one. It is, no doubt, true that, by hand-rearing a number of birds, a certainty of something to shoot at is obtained, particularly when

the ground on which they are placed is shot over early in the season; but do those hand-reared birds which are left to breed perform their parental duties as successfully, or nearly as successfully, as the wild-bred ones? It is easy to say "No" very decidedly to this question, but difficult to give any proof of one's assertion. A young partridge, in its wild state, learns more in the first week of its life than does the hand-reared one up to the time that it becomes an easy prey to the first stoat it meets. From the date when the young wild bird leaves the nest till it is fully fledged, it is learning daily what will be of inestimable value to it when it has to bring up a family of its own. It is being taught how to find food and water, how and where to take shelter, what are its greatest enemies and how best to guard against them. On the other hand, everything is made easy for the tame-bred bird, and it is eventually turned adrift, practically grown up, without any training or knowledge of the world in which it is going to live. On the face of it, one would hardly expect such a bird to be a good parent. "This," it may be said, "is all very well in theory; but what is actually the case in practice?" Analogous cases of animals, and even of human beings, might be cited in support of the working of this theory in practice; but one man's experience of it with partridges is too limited to allow of any definite deduction being drawn from it. All the writer can say is that in the cases where he has been able to satisfy himself that the birds were hand-reared (namely, on small areas inhabited by tame-bred birds only), their efforts to produce full-grown families have been most unsatisfactory. A great many owners of partridge-shooting allow their keepers to rear the birds from eggs which have been mown out, or taken from places where they were especially liable to be destroyed. Even this, in the writer's opinion, is a mistake. No harm can possibly be done by artificially hatching, or partially hatching, the eggs; but do not let us impair, in the slightest degree, the natural instincts of the most capable parent we have among our game-birds by hand-rearing.

A keeper should never find that he has more than a dozen or so eggs, or young birds, as the case may be, at the end of the nesting season, that he is unable to place in charge of a pair of old partridges, and he would do better to turn these out in a field of wheat with a barndoor fowl directly they are hatched than to hand-rear them. The case of pheasants is entirely different, and in many parts of England they would be extinct by this time if large numbers had not been reared. Even a genuine wild pheasant, although a far better mother than a tame one, is almost entirely dependent on soil and climate for its success as a parent. Partridges, on the other hand, will do well on any soil, provided that there is a fair proportion of it under cultivation and that it is properly and intelligently looked after. For this reason, if for no other, it is to be hoped that in the future, as has generally been the case in the past, success with partridges will be attained without recourse to the hen coop. C. A.

[The above remarks, by a writer whose opinion on all matters connected with the partridge is entitled to the greatest weight, and whose identity is sufficiently revealed by the initials to all who are interested in partridges, are quite certain to be discussed with some hostility. It is, of course, in France that hand-rearing has been carried on most consistently; but there, as we have pointed out before, the problems are somewhat different. Comparatively little of the land is in the hands of the shooter; most of it belongs to, and is held for agricultural uses by, peasant proprietors, who have not the tradition, as many of our British agricultural tenants and labourers have, to respect the game. They would be fairly sure to "annex" the partridges if the birds

were allowed to nest on the land. Consequently, the hand-rearing, or the rearing by the natural mothers and fathers in pens, and turning out on the land afterwards when more or less able to look after themselves, is about the only resource left. English owners have adopted the methods in some measure. The above writer, at all events, raises points of interest in every paragraph, and there are few, if any, who know more about partridges than he does.—ED.]

PARTRIDGES LIKELY TO NEST EARLY IN SOME PLACES.

SO far as anything is evident in regard to the progress of the season in our changeable climate, it appears fairly clear that neither flora nor fauna will be at all early in their new growth this year. The partridge, for a particular reason, is likely to be an exception to this rule. It is very well known that the older birds begin nesting a week or ten days before the birds of the previous year. Last shooting season, owing to the lack of young birds, so frequently drowned in the drenching rains, which occurred soon after the hatching-out time, the stock left on a good many places consisted in a great majority of cases of the old birds. This means, of course, that old birds will be in the majority when nesting begins this year, and in consequence the nesting is rather likely to begin at an earlier date than usual on many estates. But the flora will in all probability be backward, so that these early nests will be very open and unprotected, and the keeper will have to exercise more than common vigilance in preserving them from the attacks of poachers. When the nests are thus bare of cover they give a positive invitation to the corvine birds with their egg-stealing propensities.

USELESSNESS OF IMITATION EGGS.

In such circumstances as these it is likely that more people than usual will be disposed to make trial of the plan, which certainly removes much of the risk to exposed nests, of conveying the eggs, after some four or five have been laid (it is hardly safe to do so before, for fear of causing the birds to desert), from the care of the proper parent, substituting for them infertile eggs hard boiled and kept from a former year for the purpose, placing the eggs so taken under a barndoorn hen, and restoring them to the real mother (or at least a mother of their own kind) only when the chicks are beginning to chip the shell. This reduces the days of risk to a minimum. Seeing that a good deal of misconception still exists on the subject, it may be as well to say that we have not been able to hear of a single instance in which any of the artificial imitations of partridges' eggs have been received by the bird as the real thing. Such imitations appear to be in the market, and have been submitted to us for inspection from time to time, and look very much like the originals. The birds, however, never fail to discover the fraud. Peasants' eggs will do as well as partridges' for the parent partridge to sit on, and perhaps eggs of many other kinds might do. It is an experiment we have not tried, and should like to hear whether it answers, if any of our readers have tried it. But the "dummy" egg is a dead failure. It is said that an egg too far gone—i.e., with the chicken too far developed—does not answer, the heat of the mother's body causing gases in it to expand and break the shell, with the probable result of making the bird desert the nest in which this occurs.

[Further notes on Shooting will be found on our later pages.]

ON THE GREEN.

PRINCE'S COURSE, SANDWICH.

OME wonderful stories are told, and some wonderful nonsense is talked—if that is a strictly courteous way of speaking—about the distances on that new course of the Prince's Golf Club at Sandwich. The authorities allowed play over it at Easter, although it is understood that it is not yet opened formally. It is a long course; it may even be described as a course of "magnificent distances"; but to speak of it as a course of seven thousand yards and over (and it has so been estimated) is to estimate it as we estimate the drives which we are *going* to make; that is to say, not soberly. Its length, as we played it at Easter, was somewhere between six thousand three hundred and six thousand four hundred yards. There are back tees, which can be used if they are wanted, that will add another three hundred or four hundred yards, and although the estimate for the present course's length of seven thousand yards is altogether extravagant, there is space enough, if necessary, to extend it to seventeen thousand.

It may seem singular, since the actual distances are thus extensive, that the course has four short holes, which can be reached with anything from a full brassie shot to a half-iron shot, according to the wind, and all these short holes are very good. They are well guarded, so that if you do not play them with real accuracy you drop a stroke; and they are so laid out that you see the ground to them all the way, so that there is no deception—if you drop the stroke it is your own fault. You see not only the flag, but also where the flag-stick enters the ground every time. If one had to pick out a point on this course for special praise, I think it would be just this—that there are no blind approaches. I do not remember one single instance in which you do not see where the flag goes into the ground. That is an immense merit. As the green was laid out when we played on it at Easter (but it is to be remembered that it was all in the experimental stage) there were rather too many tee shots over flags on ridges, followed by the disappearance of the ball on the other side of the ridge; in effect, too many blind tee shots. Apparently this arrangement had been made in order to get "dog-leg" holes. Now dog-legs are very good things in their way, but you do not want too much dog-leg, still less do you want too much of the blind tee shot. But we are told that already tees have been made, though we did not play on them, which will obviate both the blindness and the "dog-legginess" at some three or four of these holes, leaving about two dog-legs, which is perhaps the ideal number.

If Satan had taken a personal interest in the destruction of the hopes of this new course he could not have provided weather better adapted to that end than the weather which has prevailed

since July, 1906. Mr. Lucas, who is secretary at the Prince's Club, and has worked with his hands, heart and head to get the course good, says that the greens were better in July, 1906, than at the beginning of April, 1907. And no wonder. The drought of the late summer of 1906 will be talked of in many parts of England for a long while to come. The early spring of 1907 has been hardly more favourable—hot, sunny days, with east wind, alternating with frosty nights when no grass could grow.



A BISHOP ON THE LINKS.

All through the drought of last summer they had no water on the greens of the new course. In the first week of April this year they were only just completing the apparatus for putting water on every green. Under the circumstances the putting greens were singularly good, and the going through the green still more remarkable. Naturally it was all rather rough, though from this statement we may except the through-the-green lies, which were always surprisingly good. The fact should be borne in mind that it is not supposed to be open for play yet, but no one can play on it—with intelligent eyes open—even in its trial state, and not see that it is a course with a great future. There are those who say that it is the course of the future; and in spite of the desperate conservatism of the golfer's heart, it is hard to say why they should not be right.

It will be asked, if there are four short holes, and the total is so large, what can be the length of the long holes? There is one which is really long; and certainly there are three holes in the course which no man, in the present slow-running state of

the ground, can possibly reach in two without great help from the wind. The second of two consecutive long holes takes you right out to the furthest point, the "turn" and the ninth hole, where you look over Pegwell Bay to Ramsgate. It is rather like the scene from the Eden green at St. Andrews, either on the old course or new; but more like the latter. Turning back, there are some rushes which will especially delight the old Westward Ho! player, for they are exactly like the assegais indigenous on that green, and will run into him and fester there quite in the well-known way. After such a sentimental reflection as this it seems grossly material to speak of the merits of the club-house. It is very pleasantly placed right on the shore, so that the sea is within a half-iron approach across the bents. The rooms are nice, but some day there will be a big squash in the dining-room. Strain on luncheon accommodation does not come, as a rule, from a number of players, because those drop in hungrily in succession as soon as they have finished their round, but from a number of spectators of a big match, who all come in clamorous for food at one moment. However, there is plenty of time yet for the Prince's Club to think of all that, and there is always (unless, indeed, it is blown away) such a thing as a tent. We may remember a certain amateur championship meeting at the St. George's Club when the wind was so furious that it overturned all the tents.

RECORD BREAKING AT ASHFORD MANOR.

THE weather about the Easter holiday time was most beautiful for golf, but it was almost too beautiful for the best of golf. With cloudless sky and brilliant sunlight, especially when greens are very keen, as they were this Easter, it is not often that very good scores are made by the scratch player. The long-handicapped man, to whom it is of the first importance to get his ball to travel, is at a great relative advantage, and almost always it is a long-handicapped man who wins the prizes. A notable exception to this rule, which was much in evidence during the recent holidays, was a wonderfully fine score at Ashford Manor made by Mr. Beveridge. Seventy-four was the amateur record for the green, but Mr. Beveridge knocked four strokes off it with a score of seventy. Of course, when all goes just right with the scratch player he, too, has something to gain from keen ground in the greater length of run on the ball which shortens up the distances. But generally he loses more than he gains in this way from the untoward keenness of the putting greens and the difficulty of keeping approaches near the hole. When all this difficult short game happens to be going kindly for him he has a great opportunity, and of such an opportunity it is evident that Mr. Beveridge must have taken every advantage in making his fine score at the end of Easter Week. This seventy is four better than Mr. Beveridge's own previous amateur record, which Mr. Mossop had also equalled, and two better than Causey's professional record.

TOUR OF NOTTINGHAM GOLFERS.

That is an interesting tour which the Nottingham golfers have been conducting in Scotland. In their first match, against a team of the newly-formed Scottish Universities' Golfing Society, which had already shown its remarkable strength, they acquitted themselves very well indeed, though in a match against the powerful Tantallon Club they were badly worsted. But the Tantallon side were playing very strong. It only shows how great is the golfing enthusiasm in parts of England where we do not perhaps expect to find it so strongly developed, that a county like Nottingham (though the side is probably in no sense strictly representative of the county) should in the first place be willing to organise and take part in a tour of this kind, and in the second place should be able to hold its own so tolerably well in the Scottish centres of golf which it is visiting. HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE AUSTRALIAN GOLFER.

ONE of the symptoms in the modern development of golf is the activity of the professional as a literary exponent of the science which he teaches, and on which he mainly depends for his livelihood. All our leading professionals at home have not alone been content to send into the world thousands of pupils whose steps as learners they have watchfully guided in the art and practice of the game. Vardon, Taylor, Braid and a few others have taken elaborate pains to embody their principles of teaching in books; and golfers all the world over owe them a debt of gratitude for enriching their store of scientific knowledge and of irreproachable golfing precept. The latest addition to the ranks of professional authorship is D. G. Soutar, an old Carnoustie player, and now one of the leading professionals in Australia. His book is entitled "The Australian Golfer," and is illustrated with seventy-six plates and thirteen diagrams, the publishers being the Australian Book Company, 21, Warwick Lane, E.C. The author of the book was amateur champion of Australasia in 1903, amateur champion of New South Wales in 1903-4 and open champion of Australasia in 1905. It is obvious from the story which he has to tell, and the pains with which he elucidates his advice to learners, that he has been impressed by the success of Vardon, Taylor and Braid, not only as renowned players, but as teachers who have written scientific treatises; and Mr. Soutar certainly shows throughout his volume that he has a stalwart independence of view both as to principles and method with which to guide the learner in the game. Indeed, it is a pleasure to meet with such a book as this. Its tone is modest, and the advice, based on personal experience

and close observation of all classes of players, is given to the golfing public with a sobriety of restraint and an absence of overweening self-confidence which are more certain to make a favourable impression than if a more aggressive tone had been adopted.

In this attempt to deal with the game from the Australian point of view, the author has imposed upon himself the restriction of appealing primarily to Australian learners of the game and the methods of practice which, from climate and other natural conditions, they are led at the outset to adopt. His great object is to place before the Australian learners the same advantages of precept and practice which we ourselves enjoy from reading the scientific treatises of Vardon, Taylor and Braid, and from watching those great professionals playing the game with equally skilled opponents. In the bulk, therefore, Mr. Soutar is necessarily compelled to adopt and to enforce the practically unalterable principles as to stance, grip and swing which must remain unquestioned as the basis of any teaching system. But Mr. Soutar modifies his system so as to suit the material which he has to improve; and as he tells us that the bulk of Australian learners have adopted golf after the first bloom of youth has left them, he thinks it desirable to be less rigid and uniform in his methods of education than our own professionals are with home-bred golfers. We are told, for example, that in Australia a learner's interest in the game would not survive the ordeal which Vardon advocates of keeping a learner at three months' solid practice with one club after another; and thus Mr. Soutar, in his desire to encourage Australian learners, would give them a brief lesson in driving and approaching and then take them round the links in ordinary match play. There is a corresponding relaxation of our home-bred system of teaching in the method followed by the author of not laying down any hard-and-fast rule as to how a learner should acquire the swing. It will be thus seen that the Australian golfer is left a good deal to his own devices as a learner of the game after he has acquired a mere rudimentary knowledge of one or two outstanding principles. That free and easy method of schooling may have the effect of fostering recruits, and of developing a rich variety in the individuality of style; but the author would doubtless be the last teacher to assert that the easy methods of Australian golfing scholarship are as well calculated to train as sound and as good a class of golfers as exist in the majority of golf clubs at home.

If one of the best methods of noting a teacher's success is to mark the influence which he has in modelling the style of his pupils, then it is obvious from this book and its illustrations that Mr. Soutar has departed in one or two instances from the principles which our best professionals at home steadfastly impress upon the learner. He admits himself that he follows a habit of long standing in addressing the ball with the toe of the club. Now if the teacher commits this cardinal sin, while impressing upon his pupils that the true method is to address the ball with the centre of the club-head, he must be hard put to it in order to justify in his own case an eccentric departure from a well-established scientific principle. "Why don't you do it yourself?" will be the natural question of the golf learner, for it is obvious that if Mr. Soutar addresses his ball with the toe of the club he must fall forward in order to secure a true impact, and thereby dislocate the rhythm of the swing which he is so naturally anxious to impress upon his pupils as being the true ideal to achieve. Again, the photographs which have been taken of him on the 6in. mat show that in his mashie play and in his putting the thumb of the right hand is held much more rigid in a straight line down the shaft than is the case with our leading home professionals. With Vardon, Taylor and Braid the right thumb is made to fold over the shaft in what may be described as a caressing grip; but Mr. Soutar's thumb, held in a straight line, can scarcely fail to modify the learner's swing by checking in a rather ungainly fashion the upward and downward movement of the club. Indeed, the Australian golfer must needs take careful note of the appearance of that aggressive thumb on the club-shaft. It reappears again in the photographs of the grip of Mrs. Aitken, a former lady champion of New South Wales, whose play is described by the author as a model of ease and grace for other women to copy. With the driver, the mashie and the putter, Mrs. Aitken shows the same fault of the thumb on the shaft as the author does in some of his own grips; and looking at the standard of the highest professional and amateur play at home, it is quite certain that it will strike every observer as a fault which Mr. Soutar would do well to remedy. Though Australian golf has grown almost as vigorously in its sparsely-populated districts, separated by long distances, as in the United States during the last fifteen years, there are records to show that the game was played there quite seventy years ago. Australian golf, indeed, is a notable case where the Scot has been abroad, for the settlers from Fifeshire and other Eastern districts of Scotland have long been the active pioneers of the game there, spreading wherever possible a knowledge of its health-giving virtues, and laying the foundation of a stimulating social communion among all classes of the Australian community.

A. J. ROBERTSON.

AN APRIL SNOWSTORM.

SELDOM have we had a more striking illustration of the unexpectedness of English weather than was supplied on Sunday. The previous week had been almost summer-like. During the whole of Easter the weather was more like that of May than of March, but there came a sudden change on Saturday, with the result that the sprouting corn, the budding hedge-rows and all those beautiful small things that come as premonition of spring were embedded in snow. The photographs we show were actually taken on Sunday at Riddlesdown, Kenley, Surrey, where it snowed without ceasing for about two hours. From the Walton Heath Golf Club, too, we hear that nearly 4in. of snow fell, wrapping green and gorse in a white mantle. The storm seems to have been fairly general throughout the country, as alike from the North and

from the Midlands we hear of long-continued snowfalls. On the coasts, particularly on the South Coast, a cold and bitter wind prevailed, telling of evil times at sea. It brought with it a plentiful supply of sleet to the unfortunate visitors who, in some cases, were prolonging their seaside holidays. Luckily snow does not lie very long in the month of April, and in many places it melted as it

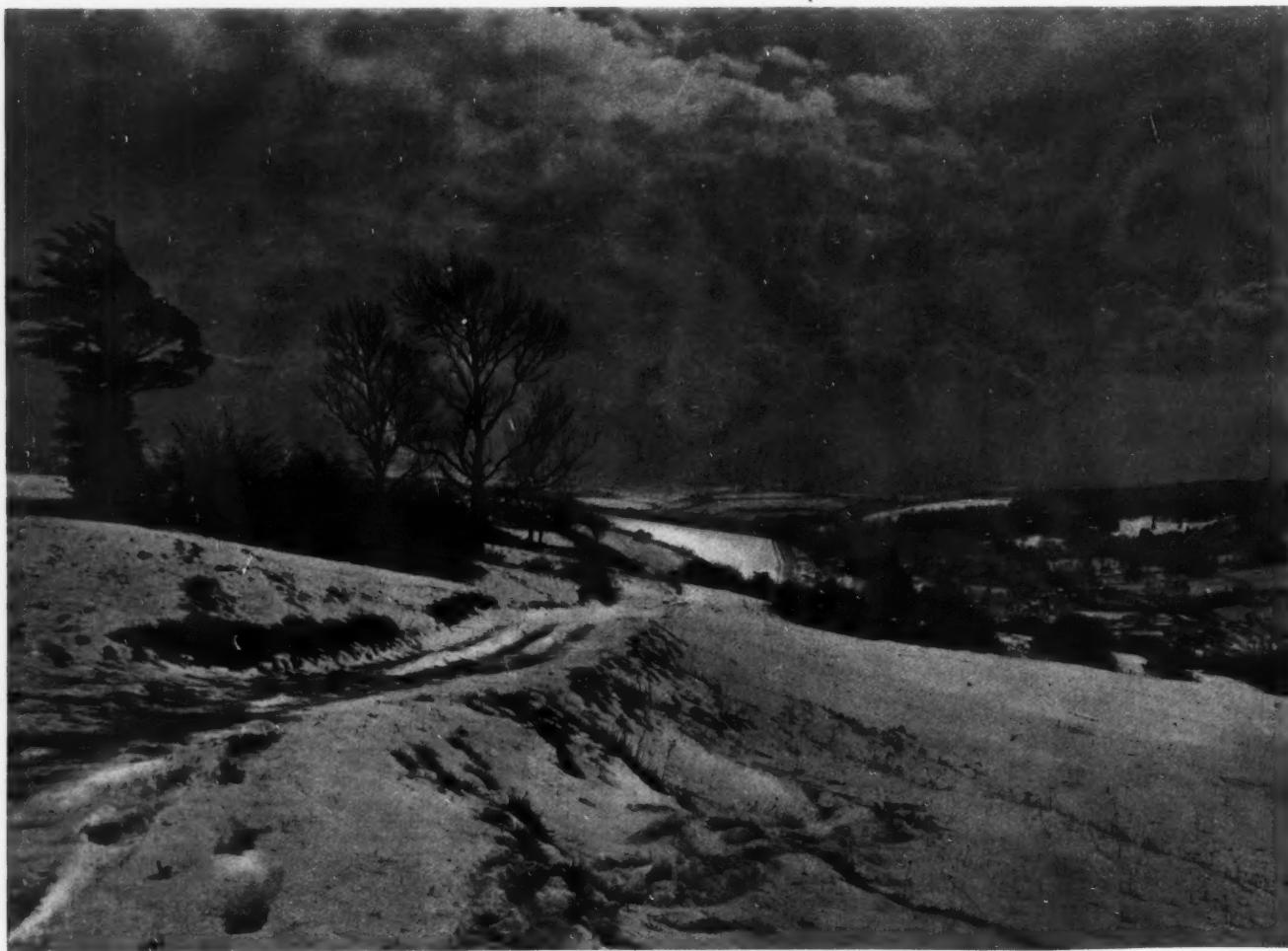
fell, while even where it was thickest the ground very soon cleared. As it happened, this year neither large nor small fruit is very forward, and it is not anticipated therefore that the snowstorm will have done much harm to the gardens. Indeed, the temperature never was at any time very low; it varied from 41deg.

at Aberdeen to 48deg. on the West of Ireland. But had there even been a frost we doubt if it would have injured the fruit trees or bushes to any great extent. On the contrary, it may help towards the production of good crops by keeping them back. In a year like this it is not the April storm but the May storm that endangers the fruits of the labourers' toil. On the farms the snow would be welcome, because what the land lacks generally at the present moment is moisture. The process of sowing seeds has been going on under the

most favourable conditions, and the land has been dry and crumbly. But now that the seeds are on the point of germinating, what is wanted is not drought but moisture, and snow gives moisture in the very best form, because as it melts the water soaks gently into the seed-bed and permeates the ground much more freely than is the case after a heavy shower of rain.



A SURREY DOWN LAST SUNDAY.



WINTER'S LAST ATTACK.